THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XV AUGUST, 1900 No. 4

THREE SIEGES AND THREE HEROES.

By Ernest Herbert Cooper.

DEFENCE by a siege is one means by which a weak force can withstand a stronger enemy with some hope of success. It is a method of warfare long ago resorted to, and it seems to breed as many glorious incidents in the wars of the nineteenth century as it did in the days of Troy. The sieges of Ladysmith, Kimberley and Mafeking, and the pluck and generalship of Sir George White, Colonel Kekewich and General Baden-Powell redound to the glory of the Empire, because the success of the British arms rested in a great measure upon the gallant action of the bold and undaunted defenders. Had the Boers been able by dint of superior forces to carry out their policy of crushing speedily the British forces in South Africa when they brought on the war, there is no telling what trouble would have been in store for us in the Dark Continent. Much depended upon the holding of the mobile Boers in check. There were many subjects of the Queen in Cape Colony, and many native Africans who were sitting astride the fence waiting to see in which direction the tide of victory should turn before they would engage in the melee. The besieged in these towns did as much as human energy could do to hold this tide in check. The regular forces sat in trenches day and night, wet or dry, and defended, as best their inferior weapons permitted them, their positions against a wily enemy. Yet all difficulties were surmounted, and the names of three more heroes are inscribed in British annals.

On the 7th of October, 1899, the British reserves were called out. This was a practical intimation to the Governments of the South African Republic and of the Orange Free State that the British authorities began to despair of arriving at a satisfactory amelioration of the Uitlander grievances through diplomacy, and that a resort to arms was to be prepared for—perhaps intended. It was received by the South African Governments as an intention, and on the 9th of October an ultimatum was handed to the British agent at Pretoria demanding the removal of the forces from the Natal and Cape Colony borders, and an engagement that the troops then on the way out should not be landed in South Africa, failure of compliance before the evening of the 11th to be regarded as a declaration of war. The object of the Boers was to bring on the inevitable hostilities as soon as possible. This indicated, what circumstances later revealed more plainly, that the Boers were ready for battle and Britain was not. While the British nation prepared for the struggle, the enemy was kept busy with sieges of Ladysmith, Kimberley and Mafeking.

During the early part of the war Great Britain was on the defensive, a

A DEMONSTRATION AT CAPE TOWN

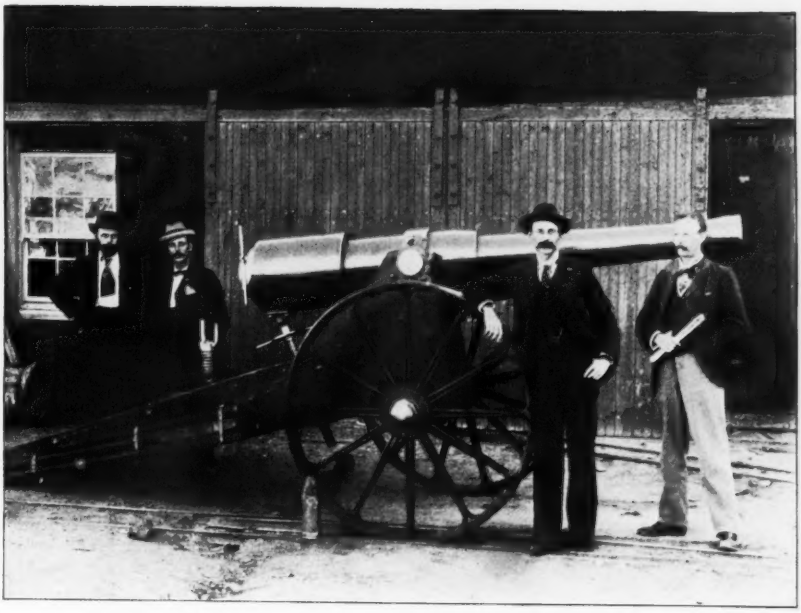


KIMBERLEY—MR. RHODES AT FORT RHODES.

defence which rested almost entirely upon the garrison of these three towns. The British then in South Africa were entirely unable to cope with the forces and armaments that the Boers were able to place in the field.

Against a formidable and mobile force of 70,000 or 80,000 men when war was declared, Great Britain had in Cape Colony an irregular force of mounted infantry at Mafeking, the North Lancashire Regiment at Kimberley, the Munster Fusiliers at De Aar, half the Yorkshire Light Infantry at Naauwpoort and the other half at Stormberg, and the Northumberlands —the famous Fighting Fifth—at De Aar. The total was, say, 4,100 infantry, of whom 600 were mounted—no cavalry and no field guns. In Natal, scattered along the railway line from Newcastle to Durban, were close on to 15,000 infantry, the bulk of the British army in South Africa. No wonder was it, then, that the British forces were on the defensive, even though they represented the strongest power in the world, no wonder was it that the people of Kimberley and Mafeking complained to the Imperial authorities on account of the defenceless state of their homes, and no wonder was it that after some disastrous offensive ventures like the armed train sortie at Mafeking or the excursion at Nicholson's Nek, the British settled down behind trenches and schanzes and awaited the arrival of the army corps from England! Six policemen defended the bridge at Alliwal North, and 350 Boers were reported in the neighbourhood. We see some reasons to warrant the belief of the Boers that they would drive the British into the sea. But they had not reckoned on the pluck and endurance displayed by these garrisons. The opposition at Mafeking, Kimberley and Ladysmith saved the prestige of British arms.

Mafeking and Kimberly were invested on the 15th of October. In Natal the British had already evacuated Newcastle, and were preparing to hold the line from Dundee to Ladysmith.



KIMBERLEY—THE "LONG CECIL" BUILT AFTER THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SIEGE. MR. LABRAM, THE DESIGNER, LEANS AGAINST THE WHEEL; HE WAS AFTERWARDS KILLED BY A SHELL.

But Dundee became untenable, so, protected by the Ladysmith garrison at Elandslaagte, General Yule retreated in a masterly fashion and joined forces with General White in Ladysmith. The Boers thought the British on the run. Ladysmith was invested on the 2nd of November, and the Boers openly boasted that it would be entered before the 9th. From that time the attention of the whole world was centered upon the garrisons of these three places of suddenly acquired celebrity.

Immediately upon the arrival of the army corps from England, General Buller set out to relieve Ladysmith and General Methuen to free Kimberley and Mafeking. Both leaders failed to attain their ends, and it was not till Lord Roberts made his masterly stroke which raised the siege of Kimberley on February 15th, that of Ladysmith on March 1st, and that of Mafeking on May 17th, that the days of investment, famine and fever ended for the beleaguered but well defended towns.

Kimberley was the first town relieved, and it was in most respects the least dangerous siege of the trio. The land around Kimberley is on the whole favourable for defence, as the nearest extensive system of kopjes lies ten miles away, and the cover on the intervening ground is very slight. This may explain why no assault was made on the town. The defences of the diamond city were about eleven miles in circumference. The town is almost surrounded by a series of "tailing heaps"—hillocks formed of the refuse earth after the diamond washing. On these tailing heaps were placed the sandbag forts which were manned by the town guard.

The force which defended the besieged area, with the exception of 600 regular troops, was made up entirely of citizen soldiers, literally fighting for their hearths and homes. When war broke out about twelve hundred civil



KIMBERLEY—THE BOMB-PROOF DUG-OUTS.

guards had been enlisted, and altogether the citizen force at its maximum strength numbered some forty-five hundred. Of these some few were Cape Mounted Police, who had come into the town when it was no longer safe for them to remain in isolated twos and threes about the country. The artillery of the defence consisted of six seven-pounder mountain guns and six seven-pounder field guns, described by one correspondent as "pop-guns." There were also some Maxims which had been stored in the mines by the foresight of the De Beers Company, which is said to be only another way of spelling Rhodes. Mr. Labram's long range home-made 4.1 gun later materially strengthed the artillery of the place.

The place was of course under martial law, and Colonel Kekewich was in supreme command of everything, though there is no doubt that Cecil Rhodes for the four months of the siege was Kimberley's actual king. The non-combatants consisted of some 5,000 white women and children, and 10,000 natives in the mine compounds. After the check was received by Methuen at Maagersfontein, and the city for the first time settled down to a long siege, about 8,000 of these natives were sent through the Boer lines. In the early days of the siege there was no alarm, everyone thinking that it would last, at the longest, not more than three or four weeks, but it was not until December 1st that Kimberley even got into communication with the relieving force. Three sorties were made by the garrison up to November 20th, when Scott-Turner and twenty-one men were killed; after that the garrison contented itself with keeping clear a sufficient space of ground for grazing purposes for the rapidly diminishing cattle.

Although the shelling went on continuously, and at times unexpectedly, beyond putting an end to business it was not extremely troublesome. A source of far greater discomfort, sickness and death, was the scantiness of the food supply. Fortunately a variety



KIMBERLEY—HOW THE CITIZENS LIVED IN THE DUG-OUTS.

of circumstances placed the town in a better position than might very well have been the case. For some months previous to the declaration of war the De Beers Company, who appear to have anticipated the possibility of a siege, laid in large supplies of foodstuffs, coal, fuel, and other mining requisites. The new crop of mealies and Kaffir corn had just been secured, and the former were used during the siege for horses, while the Kaffir corn was converted into meal and sold to the natives. The Kimberley railway station furnished a considerable supply of stores, stopped in transit, for Kimberley is what is known as a tranship depot for the northern system of railways. Moreover, the town was not entirely cut off from supplies of fresh meat from outside until nearly a month after the beginning of the siege. However, about January 3rd Colonel Kekewich and his staff proceeded to take over the supplies and regulate prices. Horseflesh was first served out on January 8th, and from that date on it became almost the staple food of the population. Towards the end a few mules and donkeys were thrown in, but cats and dogs were not resorted to. Mr. Rhodes also started a soup kitchen, selling vegetable soup at 3d a pint.

Needless to say, typhoid and scurvy were prevalent. The heat was terrible. Towards the latter part of the siege, the deaths from different causes averaged about 200 a week. In February the daily supply for whites was limited to an order for ten and a half ounces of bread, two ounces of mealie meal, one ounce of dried mealie split, two ounces of sugar, and four ounces of horse flesh. The cadaverous look on the faces of the inhabitants, and the amount of illness which was everywhere prevalent when French's 20,000 cavalry rode into the town on the 15th of February, proved how hardly the prolonged state of affairs told on the people. Men in health who lost but a dozen or fifteen pounds in weight were not plentiful, while to have decreased twenty-five to thirty pounds was con-

sidered only a fair and moderate loss.

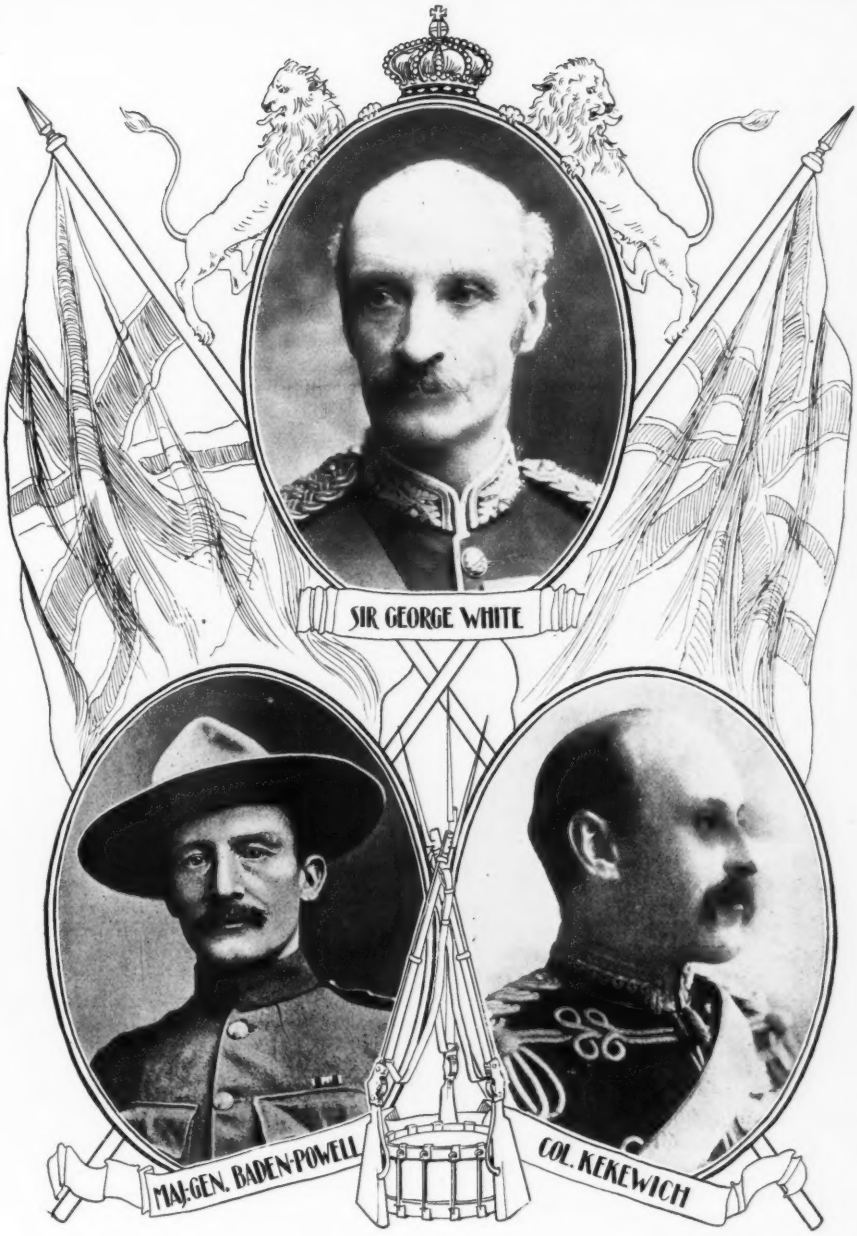
So it was in Ladysmith, where there was more danger of the flag being struck. The investment was close, the bombardment heavy, the supplies short, the population large, the town badly situated for defence purposes, and the water saturated with fever. Several considerations probably weighed with General White in favour of withdrawing to a more suitable place than Ladysmith, such as Pietermaritzburg, before he was surrounded by superior forces. The fact that Ladysmith was the Aldershot of Natal, and that to abandon it meant the loss of £1,000,000 worth of militia stores, led him to take up his stand in this unfortunate position which was commanded by guns placed on the hills that surrounded the place. That he maintained his position without flinching an inch from November 2, the day after the Nicholson's Nek disaster, when his communications were cut off, until March 1st, in spite of these natural forces working against him, in spite of the triple defeat of the relief column, in spite of personal sickness, and in spite of the raging fever and dysentery, marks him a man of uncommon pluck and ability. The siege was started on the British side with 12,000 fighting men and over 2,000 white civilians, besides the natives and Indian coolies. Although this garrison was much larger than that of the other garrisons, an enterprising force of the Boer strength, supported as they were by long-range guns and surrounding hills, could probably have taken Ladysmith in the early days of the siege. The English papers often attempted to prepare the British public for the shame of a surrender of the town, and the Boers thought of no other possible outcome of the siege.

General White had his headquarters in the centre of the town, with which the various stations of the regiments were connected by telephone. He acquired speedy information about the movements of the enemy's forces by this means as well as by a Balloon Intelligence Department. The saving in time by the telephone system can be readily imagined when it is mentioned that it took half an hour to ride from headquarters to the Manchester's trenches on Cæsar's Camp.

The greatest annoyance to the British came from the fact that they were inferior to the Boers in artillery equipment. Large siege guns had been brought from the forts about Pretoria and were now trained upon the Ladysmith garrison. They had three Long Toms, a five-inch Howitzer, about a dozen twelve-pounders, four screw guns, and three Maxim automatics. Against these the British had about fifty pieces, including two 4.7 inch, four naval 12-pounders, 36 field guns, an old 64-pounder, and a three inch quick firer, two old Howitzers, and two Maxim-Nordenfeldts. The naval guns mounted by Captain Percy Scott, of H.M.S. *Powerful*, were the only weapons that could reach the long range shell-firers of the enemy. Only they could touch Pepworth's Hill or Bilwan. Besides, the Ladysmithians had to husband their ammunition. The Boers fired about twenty shells to their opponents' one.

The siege was characterized chiefly by its dulness, which was interrupted only by several gallant sorties led by General Hunter. On January 6th, however, Kruger ordered an assault upon the town, and the Boers forsook their cautious policy for a daring one. They soon returned to their former tactics. The attack, desperate as it was, resulted disastrously to the Boer forces. Out of the only position they gained by the day's fighting, they were driven at nightfall by a gallant bayonet charge of the Devons. When they counted their casualties, if they did, they must have tallied a score that amounted to 1,200 or 1,500. The Ladysmith garrison also suffered severely.

Starvation and dysentery and fever played greater havoc with the garrison. Owing to casualties and sickness over 8,000 fighting men passed through hospital. The death rate remained small until January, and then increased, as the medical appliances had been nearly exhausted. A man once down was



THREE HEROES.

practically lost. The reduced rations were just sufficient to keep men alive. Every day thirty old horses and mules were slaughtered for food, and converted into soup and sausages. The last fortnight of the siege saw the majority of the field batteries unhorsed, and the guns permanently posted on the defences. The total number of casualties during the investment were : Killed or died of wounds, 24 officers and 235 men ; died of disease, 60 officers and 340 men ; wounded, 70 officers and 520 men.

Doubtless the garrison could have held out six weeks longer, but its privations from hunger and living in trenches or underground quarters were already great, and General White and his staff had difficulty in maintaining a cheerfulness in every quarter. The garrison was disappointed in not being relieved. Finally the continuous hammering and boring of General Buller discovered the road to Ladysmith. The advance of Lord Roberts and the capture of Cronje weakened the Boer forces in Natal, and Buller, after seven days of arduous toil and fighting, and after capturing Peter's Hill with the bayonet, was able to put the enemy to flight. Then Lord Dundonald, with 300 men of the Imperial Light Horse and the Natal Carbineers entered the town on the first day of March. It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm of the beleaguered garrison. Cheer upon cheer rang from post to post. The staff officers, civilians and soldiers flocked down to greet them at the ford of the poisonous Klip River. Women with children in their arms tearfully pressed forward to grasp the hands of the gallant band. Even strong men shed tears at the contrast between the robust troopers of a dozen battles, and the pale, emaciated defenders of Ladysmith. General White and his staff met the troops in the centre of the town, and thanked them, but his thanks to the garrison for the assistance rendered him in keeping the flag flying were heartier and more deeply felt. For four months the garrison in a town, unfitted and unprepared for a siege, had maintained this strategic position against overwhelming odds. To them and their gallant commander are due all the honours to which heroes are entitled.

Here is something to illustrate the temper of Mafeking, B.-P's. little town, which was besieged from October 15th to May 17th—seven months : A correspondent wrote on February 9th. " Next Sunday we shall have a cricket match in the morning, cycle sports in the afternoon, and a grand concert in the evening, to celebrate the eighteenth Sunday of the siege. The bachelor officers will give a dance in the evening. We are all more anxious about Ladysmith than about our position here. Our advance posts are within 250 yards of the enemy's trenches." What a cheerful equanimity for a garrison nearer Pretoria than any British settlement, and not able to walk about the outskirts of the town, or raise a head in the trenches without meeting death nine times out of ten ! Yet it was the temper of the garrison throughout—a temper that strikes home to the hearts of all who can appreciate bravery, a temper that has made Baden-Powell probably the greatest hero of the war.

He was certainly the man of the siege. Before the war began he expressed a wish to be in a tight corner, should arms be resorted to. He was placed in the tightest corner assigned to any British leader in the war. For seven months he led the garrison in an heroic defence. On October 16th the first shot was fired of a bombardment that continued almost daily until the place was relieved. From that date the history of the little town and its gallant garrison has been a daily record of bombardment endured, attack repulsed, hand-to-hand fight sustained, amid conditions of constantly increasing privation, sickness and even famine. In its isolation it sent out only messages that were heroic in their cheerfulness.

Mafeking is a little town situated on the banks of the Molopo River, just inside Buchuanaland, and eight miles

from the Transvaal border. Its only preparations for siege were due to Lord Cecil, who made some successful efforts to bring in supplies before the siege began; and by Colonels Baden-Powell and Plumer, who recruited a protectorate regiment of 500 men. The defending force consisted of this regiment, 250 Cape mounted police, 200 mounted police, about 100 volunteers, and two 7-pounders and six machine guns. The town was almost entirely devoid of fortifications when Colonel B.-P. assumed command.

In this brief review it is impossible to give an account of the incidents connected with the seven months' siege and of the hopes and fears of the garrison. The big Pretoria artillery got to work on October 22nd. Thirty-five hours afterwards Commandant Snyman sent to know if the garrison would surrender, adding: "Do not attempt to disguise facts. Your losses must have been terrible." The reply was: "No surrender. As for our losses, without disguise, they are terrible, and consist of one dog and an hotel window." The Boer forces about the place numbered probably about 4,000 men. In accordance with their custom they avoided as far as possible direct onslaught, yet the besieged and besiegers came into contact several times. On the first day of the heavy bombardment the Boers approached in force, but were driven back by the rifle fire. On October 27th Captain FitzClarence led a brilliant sortie with about 100 men, against Commandant Louw's laager, and attempted to take it by a bayonet charge. The attempt was unsuccessful and costly. Camwn Kopje, held by the besieged, was also a contested position for some days, but it was firmly held by its first occupants. On Nov. 7th the Boers made a general attack on the town, but Baden-Powell's resourcefulness repelled them. Then Cronje left for the Kimberley district. The dulness of the siege was frequently broken after this by sorties of the garrison.

A memorial sortie was made the day after Christmas when out of sixty engaged on the British side only nine came out unwounded, while thirty were killed. On January more heavy artillery arrived from Pretoria and casualties from shell-fire increased. But short rations, poor water and unsanitary dwelling places were more fruitful causes of removal to hospital.

On March 20th, the western laager of the Boers was observed to be breaking up. From this time relief was daily expected. News of Colonel Plumer's march south arrived, but also that of the check he received at Lobatsi. The messages sent out by the garrison were still to the effect that they were well—"that grand and herioc lie"—and that they could hold out till the middle of May. The locusts afforded a change of diet. Lord Roberts now asked the town to hold out until May 18, On May 7, Colonel Baden-Powell telegraphed "all going well; fever decreasing, garrison cheerful, and food will last till about June 10." How they strained themselves to do all and more than all that was required of them! On the 12th of May the Boers made a last desperate attempt to take the town by assault. But the garrison was still "game," and Baden-Powell was as resourceful and cunning as ever. So, although, the Kaffir stands were temporarily taken, Commandant Eloff and 120 of his men were made prisoners by strategy much similar to that employed by the Boers on various occasions. This closed the brilliant record of Colonel Baden-Powell and his plucky little garrison of irregulars and civilians in Mafeking. The relief forces under Colonel Plumer from the north and Colonel Mahon from the south effected a junction on May 14, at Jan Massibi's, on the Molopo River, 18 miles west of Mafeking. It is worthy of note that a battery of Canadian artillery joined Colonel Plumer the same day, having made a forced march from Beira in exceptionally short time. It rendered effective assistance in the relief. Some fighting was necessary before the Boers gave up the investment, but on the evening of May 16, Major Karl Davis

and eight men of the Imperial Horse entered the town. At three o'clock in the morning more forces entered and all the relief columns headed by Colonel Baden-Powell, Colonel Mahon and Colonel Plumer entered Mafeking at noon on the 17th. The garrison drew up on the market square and gave three cheers for the Queen. Then Baden-Powell went after his old friends the Boers. When we heard of that, we said for the fiftieth time "Isn't he game?"

THE THREE HEROES.

Although Colonel Kekewich is forty-five years of age he is one of the men who had no public reputation before the war. He began his military career when he was twenty. He has been with the East Kents and the Inniskilling Fusiliers and recently lieutenant-colonel with the North Lancashires. He served in the Perak expedition of 1875-6 and in the Nile expedition of 1884-5, and was at Saukim three years later. Two of his uncles are well known in England; Mr. Justice Kekewich, and Sir George Kekewich of the Education Department. His grandfather was Mr. Samuel Trehawke, who at one time represented South Devon in the British House of Commons. Among the earliest messages sent to Kimberley after the seige was one announcing that, by favour of the Queen, Lieutenant-Colonel Kekewich was promoted to be a full Colonel.

Lieutenant-General Sir George Stewart White, V.C., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.IE., was born in 1835. He is a Scoto-Irishman, who joined the army in 1853 and who has been on active service ever since. He first saw service in the Indian Mutiny. Up till 1880 he had only gained the rank of major, but from that time his promotion was rapid. In 1877 he was transferred to the Gordon Highlanders. In 1879 the Afghan war broke out, and his chance came. He was in the grand march from Cabul to Candahar under Roberts, and for his services was made C.B. Additionally he won the Victoria Cross. At Candahar, on September 1st, 1880, Major White again won the Victoria Cross. He led his men straight up a hill into an Afghan battery and captured the guns. In 1884 he served in the Nile expedition as quartermaster-general. In 1885 he took command of the 2nd Infantry Brigade for the Burmese war. After the capture of Mandalay he was given supreme control of the Upper Burmese force. He received the thanks of the government, and was promoted to be major-general for distinguished conduct in the field. In 1890 he led the Zhob Valley force. He has since been commander-in-chief of the Indian Army, and is colonel of two battalions of Gordon Highlanders.

Colonel Robert Stephenson Smyth Baden-Powell was born February 22, 1857, in a rectory, being a son of Professor Baden-Powell, of Oxford and Langton Manor. He joined the 13th Hussars in 1876, and served in India, Afghanistan and South Africa. He served in the Zululand operations, and received mention. For work in Ashanti operations, where he was in command of native levies, he was made lieutenant-colonel. Afterwards in the campaign in Matabeleland, he was mentioned in despatches for conspicuous bravery. "B-P," as the Mafeking people affectionately call him, is a soldier whose accomplishments peculiarly fit him for modern warfare. He is an authority on cavalry tactics, and has written manuals on reconnaissance and scouting. He is a natural leader of men, and rallied around him at Mafeking not only a group of well-known officers of high social position, but also a seasoned band of frontiersmen and adventurers. His buoyancy, as displayed in his despatches from that isolated town, which even he could not see relieved for some time to come, will not be forgotten by the British public for many a long day. He has received more recognition from the military authorities than has any other officer in Africa, being made Major-General immediately subsequent to the relief of Mafeking.

THE BRITISH AND CANADIAN ARMY MEDICAL SERVICES.

By C. A. Matthews.

IN times of peace the Medical branch of the army receives but little attention from the multitude. Stripped of a great deal of the panoply and pomp of war which distinguishes the combative branches of the army, it is looked upon to a large extent as a somewhat superfluous attachment which takes from the actual fighting strength of the regiment a certain proportion of effective force, and is apt to be regarded perhaps as a necessary evil. At the sound of the war bugle, however, the Medical branch, like the Transport, at once springs into importance and receives recognition as a factor of vital importance in the ultimate issue of the campaign. It will no doubt be of some interest to anxious friends at this juncture to learn something of the efficient organization to whose skill and care in the treatment of the sick and wounded many anxious homes will be indebted for the safe return of scarred and war-worn loved ones from the scene of strife on the sun-scorched plains of Africa.



The British Army Medical Service is one of the most complete and best organized of any of the departmental services in connection with the British Army, and while not as obtrusive as some other branches of the force, it renders most effective service in its sphere. All the Medical Officers belong to a distinct corps known as the Royal Army Medical Corps. The junior officers of this corps are selected and attached to regiments, batteries, and the various military units for temporary employment as Medical Officers to the respective corps. The duties of the Medical Officer so attached are: to see daily the men of the corps who are reported sick, and to return them to duty if fit; if unfit to send them to the station hospital. He has besides that many important sanitary duties to attend to in the barracks, in camp, or on the march, and he is an important factor in assisting the commanding officer in the maintenance of discipline, visiting the cells, and inspecting the prisoners.

One of the most important duties assigned to him is that of training the regimental stretcher-bearers, a duty for which he is qualified, having himself gone through a course of training at the Royal Army Medical College at Aldershot, including elementary infantry drill, stretcher drill and ambulance work. He trains his regimental stretcher-bearers in these branches, and also imparts to them a knowledge of "first aid" to the sick and wounded. The stretcher-bearers consist of two selected men from each company in the regiment, four men taking charge of the stretcher; in a regiment of

eight companies there would, therefore, be four stretcher squads.

On the field of action this service is attended with very considerable danger, for where the men drop wounded there the stretcher squads must be to remove them from their dangerous position. If the wound is of a very serious nature the surgeon attends to it on the spot by applying temporary dressing and arresting hemorrhage. The wounded man is then carried to a place of comparative safety.

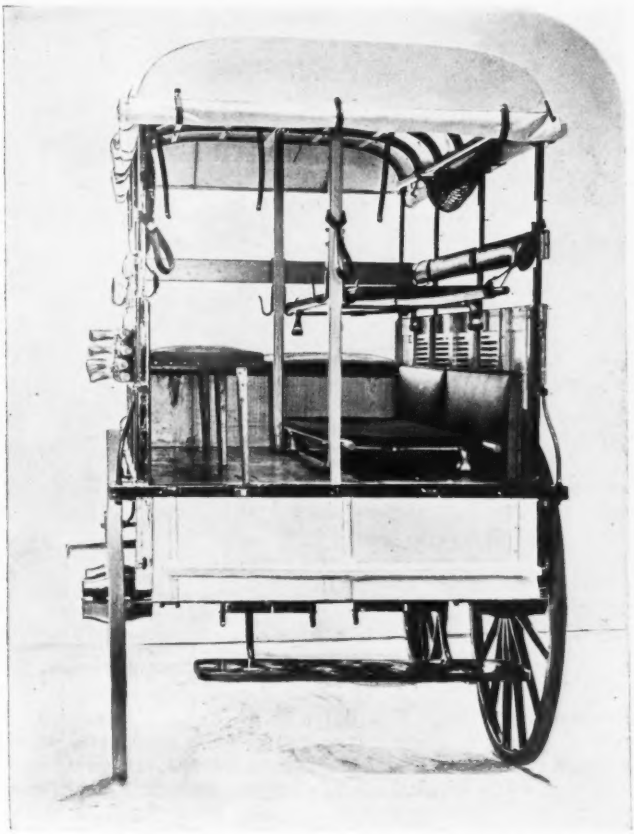
The regimental Medical Officer and his assistant have to keep up with the fighting line. The wounded are left behind as the regiment advances, and then commences the sphere of action of the bearer company. They consist of Medical Officers specially told off for this work, four in number, 61 non-commissioned officers and men of the Royal Army Medical Corps and 31 non-commissioned officers and men of the Army Service Corps. These men from the Army Service Corps are specially in charge of the work of driving the ambulances, ten in number, also four carts and one water cart, so that the bearer company is a large and fairly imposing unit.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL NEILSON—DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF CANADIAN ARMY MEDICAL SERVICE.

To each brigade of infantry is attached one bearer company and also one field hospital. The bearer company follows the brigade into action. As they reach the scene of action the bearer company, composed of eight stretcher squads, searches the field for the wounded and others who have been attended to by the Regimental Medical Officer and his assistant. They form a "Collecting Station" and, if possible, pitch tents in a sheltered position. The stretcher squads bring the wounded into this station. There one of the Medical Officers of the company visits each man as he is brought in, examines his injuries, ascertains that the surgical dressings applied by the regimental surgeon are sufficient and have been properly applied. Patients are then sent on ambulance waggons still farther to the rear, to another station which has previously been established, perhaps a mile or more distant according to the locality. This station is known as the "Dressing Station," and here tents are pitched, fires are lighted by the bearer company's cooks, and water is kept boiling. A surgical tent is erected and the wounded are brought there and further attended to, the medical officers applying dressings, splints and bandages of a more permanent nature than were available farther to the front. From the dressing sta-

tion the wounded men are taken by ambulance waggons to the field hospital, which may be a couple of miles or more farther to the rear. Roughly speaking, these are the duties of the bearer companies of the British service, and this is the method by which the wounded Canadian and Australian, as well as the British regular soldiers have been rescued and attended to in South Africa during the present campaign.



THE FIRST AND ONLY CANADIAN ARMY AMBULANCE WAGGON.
MANUFACTURED AS A MODEL BY MILBURN WAGGON CO., TOLEDO.

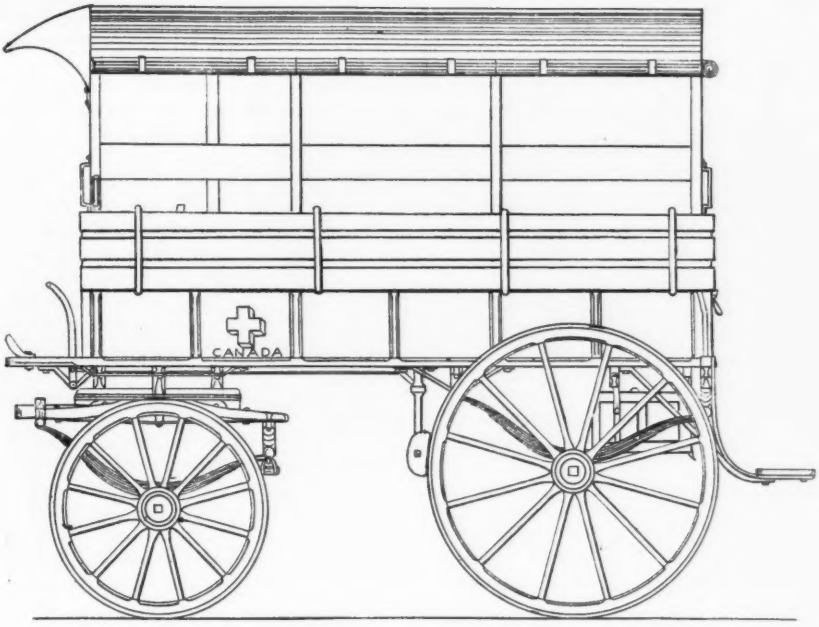
The next feature of the Army Medical Service is the field hospital, which is a medical unit consisting of four or five medical officers with attendants, each hospital having an equipment of 100 beds, divisible, if necessary for convenience, into two half-hospitals of fifty beds each. The field hospitals are essentially of a movable character, they follow or retreat with the brigade. Patients brought to the field hospital are not detained there any longer than can be helped, but as soon as possible are sent to the rear where stationary or base hospitals are established for their reception. For the purpose of transferring the wounded and sick to the stationary hospitals, every facility at hand is taken advantage of, and the methods employed depend largely upon the nature of the country to be traversed. If along a line of railway, railway cars are utilized. If near a navigable river, steamers or other vessels are pressed into the service, and if no other means of transport offer themselves, the reliable ambulance waggon has to be fallen back upon. It is an essential principle in the administration of the field hospital that it be kept as free of sick and wounded as possible so that the advance may not be impeded unduly. In this respect the main object which must be kept in view by the medical officer in charge of a field hospital is in direct contrast to that by which the general officer in command of a brigade or



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CANADIAN WAGGON.

division is directed. His duty, as a general principle, is to advance, and his main purpose is to get his men to the front. The medical officer's duty, on the other hand, is to retire to the rear as promptly as possible the unfortunate impedimenta which is the natural product of the campaign—the sick and wounded—and thereby give greater freedom to the General, and make room for the wounded of an engagement which may at any moment occur. From the seat of war the patients are sent, after being treated at the field hospitals, to the base hospital, whence, if found fit, they return to the front, but, if not, they are returned to England or Canada as soon as possible.

Beyond the ordinary regimental service provided by the regimental surgeon, supplemented in many corps by the ambulance corps, the Canadian Militia has not hitherto possessed any organization or equipment answering in any respect to the Army Medical Staff and the Army Medical Corps of the British service. In 1885, although the regimental staffs and ambulance corps did good work, the want of a permanently organized medical corps was generally recognized, and since that time efforts have been made at various times to secure a proper organization. Recently attention has been more especially directed to the necessity for the establishment of an Army Medical Staff and Corps by the mobilization of the Canadian Contingents. The impetus which has been given to military matters by these stirring events has enabled the Militia Department to bring to fruition the plans which have been carefully conceived by the responsible officers of the Department, who were waiting for an oportunity to put their plans into effect. The Minister of Militia, Dr. Borden, himself for many years Medical Officer in the Canadian Militia, thoroughly appreciated the necessity, and heartily sympathized with, and encouraged the staff in their



DETAIL OF CANADIAN WAGGON SHOWING PROPOSED OUTSIDE RACK FOR CARRYING ACCOUTREMENTS.

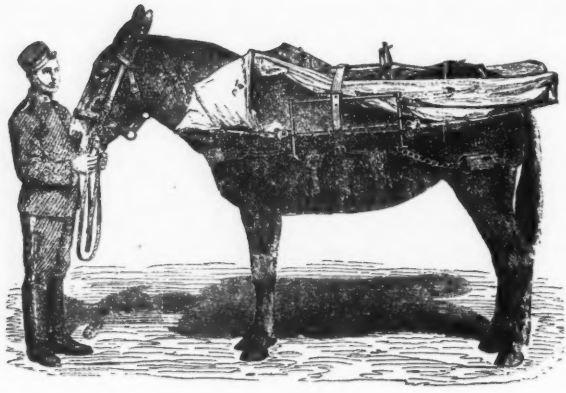
efforts in this respect. A scheme has been prepared and is being placed in operation which will give to the Canadian Militia a thoroughly organized and fully equipped medical service upon similar general lines to those upon which the British service is based.

It was found, however, that the conditions in Canada are somewhat different to those which exist in England and Lt.-Col. Neilson, the Director-General of the Medical Services, who has given a great deal of study to the question, determined that the departmental service alone would not answer. Our militia units being essentially local, it is all-important and of great assistance to the commanding officer of the militia unit in attracting recruits to his corps that the medical officer of the regiment be well and favourably known in his locality and that he be a man of local influence and consideration. A total stranger sent to a militia corps would fill the strictly necessary requirements of the service but that is all. Therefore the medical organization for the Canadian Militia according to the scheme laid down is of a dual character.

First.—The departmental service, consisting of all the officers of the Army Medical Staff and the non-commissioned officers and men of the Army Medical Corps to form part of the various bearer and field hospital companies.

Second.—The regimental medical officers of the respective corps who will carry out the duties described in the first part of this article.

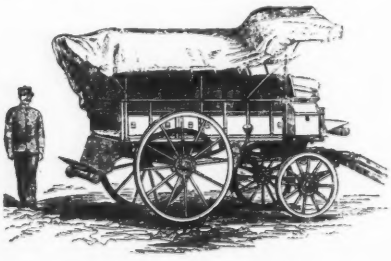
The Army Medical Staff, which is in process of organization and which will be completed in the near future, will be composed of one Director-General, with the rank of Colonel, seven lieutenant-colonels, seventeen majors, twenty-two captains and twenty-five lieutenants. These officers will be allotted to the medical units of the Canadian Militia Army Medical Corps, each staff officer being allotted to a medical



A LITTER.

unit. Five bearer companies have been recruited, equipped and officered, with headquarters as follows:—No. 1 Company at Halifax, N.S.; No. 2 Company at Ottawa, Ont.; No. 3 Company at Montreal, Que.; No. 4 Company at Toronto, Ont., and No. 5 Company at Quebec. Field hospitals will also be established in connection with the bearer companies, with headquarters at the same locations and designated by the same numerals. The equipment for additional bearer companies and for the proposed field hospitals is being imported or is in course of manufacture in Canada.

The ambulance waggon that has been adopted is the latest 1899 pattern in use in the United States army, which is lighter and in every way more suitable for Canadian roads than the British army ambulance waggon. One of the waggons has been ordered from the manufacturers in the United States as a pattern and the contract for the remainder has been awarded in Canada. The waggon when issued for service to the Canadian Militia will be an improvement upon that which served for a pattern in several respects. Much annoyance is frequently caused to wounded men by the loss of their personal property and equipment, and to commanding officers by the loss of accoutrements and arms which are necessarily left behind on the field for want of convenient transportation and are lost in consequence, unless a more fortunate comrade generously burdens himself with them. By a slight alteration in the construction of the waggon, which has been devised by Lieut.-Col. Neilson, room is provided for the wounded man's belongings so that they will be brought with him to his destination, and not abandoned where he fell; so that upon being discharged from the hospital, convalescent, he will find his property awaiting him and be ready to rejoin his regiment fully equipped for service.



BRITISH AMBULANCE WAGGON.

For mountainous districts or with mounted troops operating over a rough and broken country, ambulance waggons would be of little service. They are replaced by two modes of conveyance called cacolets and litters. The first is for the patient who can sit up, the second for the patient who can be moved in a reclining posture only.

For regimental service a field stretcher, eight pounds lighter than the British stretcher, has been devised and is in readiness to be issued to the force.

As a rule, Canadian militia medical officers have had no opportunity of receiving special training. This deficiency will be supplied by special classes which will shortly be opened in the different military centres where these

officers will be enabled to fully qualify themselves for commissions. In the future the possession of certain qualifications other than that of medical practitioner by every officer who holds a commission will be exacted.

The uniform of the Canadian Militia A.M.S. is that worn by the Army Medical Corps in England previous to the change in 1899 with the exception that the Canadian officer will wear a distinctive badge. The regimental medical officers will wear the distinctive uniform of their various corps with the exception of the sword belt and head dress, which will be of departmental pattern, so that at all times in their regiments they may be recognized as medical officers. As the A.M.S. officers command, administer discipline, and have control of their own medical units, and, so far as that goes, fill the functions of combatant officers, their rank must of necessity be clearly understood and be unquestioned. Therefore they are styled lieutenant-colonel, major, captain and lieutenant respectively. In the regimental service it is necessary that the medical officer's position and function be also understood, and to avoid confusion the compound title will be maintained. The regimental medical officers will be styled surgeon-major, surgeon-captain, surgeon-lieutenant as the case may be. These titular distinctures are peculiar to the Canadian Medical Service.

With regard to promotion, the Army Medical Staff being organized as a separate unit, promotion will run through the corps from the foot to the head of the list. In the regimental service it is on a totally different footing. If he has successfully passed the examination, the surgeon-lieutenant after twelve months' service becomes surgeon-captain, and four years later, after further test of his proficiency, becomes a surgeon-major. In that capacity he completes ten years' service, after which he is retired to the reserve list, unless his term is further lengthened by five years, but this will only be done for very special reasons, and on the expiration of fifteen years' service the honorary rank of Surgeon-Lieut.-Col. may be granted. The idea upon which this regulation has been based, is that there should be an entire change throughout the service, on the ground that after ten years' service a medical officer has had nearly enough, but provision is made in case his presence is essential to the welfare of the corps for his retention for a longer period. Another idea which influenced the adoption of this regulation is that there should be created a reserve of medical officers who would be available and who could be called upon should emergency arise.



A CACOLET.

No system of military medical service is complete without a base hospital, and it is proposed to utilize the civic hospitals in Canada for this purpose. We are especially well situated in this respect owing to the number and excellence of the hospitals which are scattered all over the Dominion. A temporary staff for military medical administrative purposes will be provided when a base hospital is required. In the unlikely event of military operations being conducted at a distance which makes the use of the civic hospitals impracticable, a temporary base hospital will be provided.

The creation of a Canadian Army Nursing Service in connection with the military field or stationary hospital is also under contemplation.

The peace personnel of the newly organized bearer company consists of one major and two captains or lieutenants composing the medical staff, and a sergt.-major, a quartermaster-sergeant and a compounder, four sergeants, one bugler, four corporals and twenty privates comprising the Medical Staff Corps. On a war footing the medical staff and the sergeant-major will be mounted, the number of the corporals and privates increased to six and forty-seven, respectively, making a total of sixty-four men, with four forage carts, one water cart and ten ambulance waggons.

On a peace footing the Field hospital will have an army medical staff of one major and two captains or lieutenants, which on a war footing will be increased by the addition of a lieutenant-colonel and a quartermaster.

The M.S.C. will, on a peace footing, be composed of a sergeant-major, a wardmaster (S.S.) a sergeant-steward and sergeant-compounder, corporal cook and corporal clerk, eleven orderlies and three servants. In time of war the M.S.C. will be augmented by an additional sergeant-compounder, cook, pack store and supernumerary sergeants, steward and supernumerary corporals, twelve orderlies and two servants. It will also have forage and water carts, and four general service waggons.

With the organization and equipment of the A.M.S. and the A.M.C., the Canadian Militia will be prepared and equipped to take the field as an independent army corps complete, and comparing for thoroughness of organization with an army corps of the British service, with a single exception. Plans have been prepared, however, by which this deficiency will be supplied in the near future by the formation of an Army Service Corps, which will be organized on the same basis as the A.M.C. The idea of departmental services finds favour with the Canadian authorities, as being especially adapted to our militia system, and it is probable that in the near future even regimental quartermasters will form part of the Army Service Corps and will be attached for duty with regiments.

The moving spirit in the formation of the Canadian Militia Army Medical Service has been Lieut.-Col. John Louis Hubert Neilson, M.D., A.M.S., Director-General of the Medical Service, who has evolved the plan upon which the organization has been completed. Lieut.-Col. Neilson comes of military stock, his grandfather on the maternal side, Capt. John Moorehead, was Asst. Adjt.-Gen. at Quebec. Graduating at Laval (gold medal) 1869, he completed his preparation for military service at the Royal Victoria Army Medical School, Netley, Eng. Since becoming Medical Officer to the Quebec Garrison Artillery in 1869, he has been continuously engaged in military medical service. He was with Lord Wolseley in the first Red River Expedition, 1870, as Surgeon of the 2nd Quebec Rifles, and while engaged in this expedition took an active part in stamping out the small-pox scourge which raged, receiving public acknowledgment for his services. Being recalled to the east, he was given medical charge of the newly formed "A" and "B" Batteries, C.A. Two years' service attached to the army in England was followed by a campaign as a Red Cross Surgeon in Servia and the Balkans during the Russo-Turkish War, 1878. Returning to Canada he was in medical charge of the Royal Military College from 1880, until selected for service with the Canadian voyageurs in the Gordon Relief Expedition, 1884. When the voyageurs returned Lieut.-Col. Neilson volunteered for service with the Desert Column which fought at Abu Klea, Metamneh and elsewhere, and was specially mentioned in despatches. Lieut.-Col. Neilson holds the Egyptian War medal, with two clasps, the Khedive's Star and the Order of the Melusine 5th class, and general service medal with two clasps, one for Fenian Raids and one for the Red River Expedition.

THE BATTLE OF PAARDEBERG.

BY A CANADIAN EYE-WITNESS.

WAR is a great game of chess. Instead of inanimate pieces the moves are made with regiments of men. In the deadly game at Maagersfontein Methuen moved first and was severely checked by Cronje. It was again Methuen's turn to move, but, instead of changing the position of affairs, he merely pondered over the situation until Roberts made the most strategic movement of the war. The Field-Marshal "went around."

When French's magnificent force of 8,500 horsemen left Modder River Station on Feb. 11th for the relief of the Diamond City, they did so in full view of the Boer forces entrenched at Maagersfontein, but they completely hoodwinked Cronje by leaving all the tents standing as though this were merely a review, or at most a reconnaissance. It was not until a huge cloud of dust marking the position of French's cavalrymen, appeared in his rear on the 15th Feb., that Cronje fully realized the gravity of Lord Roberts' movement. The Boers' magnificent position at Maagersfontein had been rendered untenable, and Cronje issued orders for a general retreat eastwards. So with a force of 10,000 men and a huge convoy of nearly 300 waggons the Boer began a retreat. It was masterly, but disastrous.

On Thursday night and Friday morning Cronje's whole force passed between Kimberley and Rondeval's Drift, just south of Abon's Dam. The post of "Roberts' Horse" was too weak to interpose. Cronje got about eight miles east of the Drift when he was fiercely attached by the energetic bulldog Kitchener, who had with him the 6th Division and some Mounted Infantry. It had been Kitchener's purpose to head off the retreating force, but so rapidly had it moved that the Chief of Staff was too late. In the desperate rearguard action that followed all day Friday and Saturday Cronje displayed the most masterly tactics, but in vain; the tenacious Briton could not be shaken off.

On Friday the brilliant French had sent the Boers investing Kimberley trekking northward after a severe action and then had, by a rapid march across country on Saturday, arrived at Koodoosrand on Sunday to head off Cronje and his force.

In many minds there is not the least doubt that Cronje committed a serious military blunder in clinging so tenaciously, or rather obstinately, to his huge convoy and guns when he found himself so hard pressed by a much superior force. It is more than possible that he could have escaped from Roberts with the great bulk of his troops on Saturday or Sunday, had he left his exhausted oxen and their waggons, destroyed his guns and sacrificed a small rearguard to cover his retreat. From their long march on Saturday French's horses were too weary and famished to pursue farther. The want of forage for the cavalry was what absolutely stopped the instant advance on Bloemfontein. Of the horses themselves, large numbers had died in the long ride from Kimberley to Koodoosrand.

But Roberts saw Cronje's mistake as soon as he appeared upon the scene, and it was to hold Cronje where he was that the attack was ordered on Sunday, Feb. 18th, a date that will long remain a blood-letter day in the history of our Dominion, for on that day was the Empire cemented in Canadian blood.

One could hardly have chosen a place more calculated to inspire peaceful thoughts than the one where the bloody battle was fought on that awful Sunday. Once more I can see it. I

am facing the east. All about are trees. Behind me a house, a typical little oblong box-like affair, the floor of which is soon to run red with blood, for already over the roof floats the sigma of the Geneva Convention. In front is the river, the Modder River, flowing on peacefully, silently. It takes a sweeping turn to the south-east, then to the north, then again to the east. Through the green trees I can see it glitter in the sunlight. It, too, will soon run crimson and muddy as it bears upon its bosom the life-blood of many a heart that now beats high with hope. Slightly to the left and on the south side of the river is a kopje. In a line at right angles to the line from my point of observation to the first kopje, and across the river, its top rising above the trees that cover the river banks and dot the veldt, is another kopje held since midnight by our troops and now used as a signal station. Away over to the north is another kopje, much longer and higher than the other.

In front of me is the red sandy road, about a foot below the level of the surrounding veldt. It runs past the house behind me, turns and goes on to the river, where it disappears only to reappear on the farther side. On it runs until with a dip down into a little valley it is lost amid the trees. From here it runs on through a wooded donga, and in that valley, in that donga, and in the river-bed, Cronje, the "Lion of the Transvaal," is making his desperate stand.

But the scene is no longer peaceful either to eye or ear. Already the action has begun. From every side, from every coign of vantage, cannon are hurling death and destruction into the bedraggled desperate army that fill the rifle-pits on both sides of the river and huddle in gulley, valley and donga under the friendly shade of the green trees. The very earth is shaken by the heavy, crashing boom of great guns. The fierce shrill shrieks of shrapnel mingle with the incessant rattle of musketry. The damnable inferno of battle has broken loose, and everywhere swarm the khaki-clad imps of war!

Away to the west on the road hangs a slowly approaching cloud of dust. Nearer and nearer it comes. It is Col. Smith-Dorrien's brigade, the 19th of the 9th Division, and with them are the Canadians. All night long they had been marching and now at 6.15 a.m. they were arriving. Tired and weary from their long march, the Canadians thought they would be kept in reserve, but they were soon made aware that their brigade was to form an important factor in the attack. A biscuit and a ration of strong pure rum was served out to each man. Ropes were thrown across the river and secured to trees on each bank. Some of our men crossed by this means, others locked arms and plunged into the river four abreast struggling against the current and almost lifted off their feet; for the water often reached the chins of the tallest men. Little Bugler Williams, of "C" Co., was almost swept away in the crossing, but big Jim Kennedy reached out a strong helping hand and Williams reached the north bank in safety. Once safely over the companies reformed and immediately went into action with "A" and "B" Co's. leading. It was about 7 o'clock. On our left were the Gordon boys; on our right the Shropshire regiment.

The enthusiasm of the Canadians was simply splendid, for all seemed to be filled with a dashing ardour that nothing could withstand. Before us along the river bank and on the slope of the valley lay the Boers, their position being such that no matter at what point a charge might be made a deadly cross-fire could be poured into the attacking force.

The leading companies broke into open order, Col. Otter remaining with the supports, while Major Buchan took charge of the firing line. When our lines were fully extended the advance began in real earnest. At first there was no visible sign to show that we were marching against an armed enemy. The men were laughing, joking, happy. A fight at last! All signs

of fatigue had vanished and the fighting man alone was shown. Then the bullets began to sing, at first few in number and then more thickly. Then smiles faded into earnest looks and rifles were grasped more firmly; fingers nervously touched triggers, and eyes gazed more anxiously to the hidden foe. The old hands at the game of war could tell the singing "wheet!" of the Martini bullet from the sharp stinging "phit!" of the swiftly flying Mauser.

Closer and closer we crept. Such was the contour of the valley upon the edge of which was the first Boer trench, that while part of our line was firing at 1,000 yards the men on the right extremity of the firing line were only 500 yards away from the trench directly in front of them. On the south and south-eastern bank the Highland brigade, the Yorkshire, Welsh, Essex, and part of the Shrops regiments were contending with the rifle pits upon that side of the river. Thus Cronje was completely hemmed in, but in spite of all precautions some of his men succeeded in escaping from the net. Near Koodoosrand was French and his cavalry keeping guard, ready to charge should the enemy attempt to break through, or to make prisoners of those who attempted to get away.

Cooped up in a space not much over a square mile were the Boers, while from every point our guns were pouring shrapnel and lyddite into that small territory. The rifle fire became one continuous snapping rattle, punctuated by the threatening earth-shaking roar of a big gun, or momentarily silenced by the quick "boum—boum—boum" of the Maxim-Nordenfeldt.

It was simply murderous for Cronje to hold out any longer, but hold out he did and in the face of such frightful odds.

All through that Sunday morning and late into the afternoon our Canadians advanced steadily, gaining yard by yard. Some of the men were almost mad with thirst although bottles were filled at the river. The thirst that comes over a man when in battle shows the fever that is raging within him. It was five o'clock. The centre of our line was about 700 yards, the right 250 or 300 yards away from the Boer trench. Then was made one of those blundering, disastrous moves in which the British soldier proves himself a hero and dies like a man; a fatal blunder, made by whose orders no one seems to know.

The Cornwalls were near us, but slightly in our rear, and the Colonel of that regiment, thinking the fighting too slow, asked Col. Otter's opinion as to the advisability of a charge. Otter evidently did not agree, and the Cornwall's Colonel went back to his regiment, which fixed bayonets immediately and prepared to charge. At the same time our Canadians fixed bayonets. A thrill ran through the men. It was coming at last.

In front was an open space devoid of cover. Across that space was raining a hail of bullets that converted it into a perfect zone of death. In a strong cross-fire nothing can live. Yet in spite of this our men began their desperate rush. Ah! the madness of it all. Heavens! what heroism! What mockery of grim death was in that charge! Like the great heroes of old they rushed upon the foe. Immediately the men began to drop. A shell bursts overhead. Here and there a man stumbles and falls, but he does not rise again. That was his last step on this earth. Another hero stops for a second and sinks down in a heap, motionless, silent. A few throw up their arms with a sobbing gasp and fall prone upon the red sand, now stained a deeper red by the life blood that oozes from the little round hole in the dust-coloured tunics. Pierced through the body by two balls a Canadian falls, but so strong is the combativeness of his nature that with his last effort he points his rifle toward the trench, presses the trigger and—dies. But one Canadian that started from the centre of the line reached the trench, where he gave up his life. The Colonel, the Adjutant and a captain of the Cornwalls fell within a few seconds of one another. It was awful!

Poor Harry Arnold, the captain of "A" Co. and one of the finest men that ever buckled on a sword, went down with a bullet through his head and another through his arm. He never recovered consciousness. Lieut. Mason was leading his half company when a ball struck him in the left shoulder and came out beneath the right arm-pit. Lister and Jackson were killed quite early in the charge.

On the right Capt. Joe Pelletier and Capt. Stairs succeeded in reaching the trench with their men after many narrow escapes; but on their arrival they found that the Boers, true to their traditions, had not waited for the cold blue steel, but had fled to the river banks. Standing up to survey the scene Pelletier noticed that the position was commanded by the Boer trenches on the bank and immediately ordered his men to lie down. Hardly had the order been obeyed when a crashing volley came sweeping over their heads. Some of the men of "C" Co., finding the trench empty when they had succeeded in gaining it, started over to the left, in the words of Pte. Kennedy, "to look for trouble." They got it. Struck in the arm and thigh Kennedy went down. A perfect hail of lead tore up the ground about them, but Pte. J. Jordan, a medical student, coolly proceeded to dress Kennedy's wounds, and after successfully performing this kindness, ran on after his comrades.

Within the deadly zone it was impossible for the bearers to remove the wounded. Tied up in the trees along the river bank were Boer sharpshooters, and many a wounded man was struck again and again as he lay upon the ground. Three of our stretcher-bearers were struck. It meant almost certain death to attempt to help the wounded, and yet a noble deed was done there. The bullets were keeping up their sickening song when a Highlander noticed a wounded Gordon trying to roll into a little depression to escape from the bullets. Still clinging to his rifle he ran out, threw the wounded man over his shoulder, and staggered back amid the cheers of his admiring comrades.

Throughout that live-long day the ambulance waggons came and went in a steady stream. Glance where and when you would the red cross met the gaze. The fortitude of our troops, suffering the most intense agony, was simply wonderful. Men maimed for life, men whose bodies had lost all human semblance, but who were still breathing, were borne to the rear; yet from their lips came never a sound or whimper.

As the evening wore on more artillery came into action. With a rush and a rattle of chains, with a thud of armed hooves and shouts of command, a battery came galloping up on the south bank to the right of the Highlanders, got into position and began co-operating with the guns on the other side of the river. The air fairly screamed with a storm of shrapnel. The sighting of the guns was very accurate, the "hell scrapers," as the Boers call our shrapnel, falling with wonderful precision in the river bed and along its rifle-pit lined banks.

That night the scene at Paardeberg was one to be remembered. It was terribly picturesque; it was awe-inspiring. The great sky and distant tree tops reflected the red glare of the burning ammunition waggons and carts that had been fired by our shells. Great columns of brown smoke rose in the air only to mingle with the sickly greenish-yellow smoke of the deadly lyddite. The rattle of musketry gave sound to the awful picture. Even the sense of smell was awakened by the faint odour of burning flesh that came through the trees on the evening breeze as it floated toward us from the Boer laager, while the booming crash of heavy artillery made the valley echo and re-echo.

Many were the strange sights to be witnessed that day on both banks of the river. Seated behind an ant-hill was a man. He had been shot in the ankle, and after taking off his shoe and sock, had drawn out his little medical packet preparatory to bandaging up

the wound. He had the long bandage held out before him, apparently looking at it in surprise and not knowing which way to begin. I called out to him, but receiving no answer came closer. There he sat, but motionless, dead, dead as ever a man was. A little dark ruddy stain on the dust-coloured tunic showed where he had been hit.

Not far away a thin blue column of smoke was seen rising behind a clump of shrubbery. Two Gordon Highlanders, one a mere boy, shot through the right shoulder, the other a deep-chested, bearded man with a Martini bullet in his thigh, had bandaged up their wounds and were calmly smoking while waiting for the ambulance to bear them away to the field hospital.

Near the trenches both Briton and Boer lay dead, now forever reconciled with one another. By their attitudes as they lay upon the ground I could tell how long they had been dying. Some of the Boers lay with a cartridge just shoved into the breech of their Martinis, for the rugged old back-veldt Boer often prefers the familiar heavy rifle to the more modern Mauser. Many who had been shot in the head lay with their faces on the sod, and their rifles under them ; and when struck in the heart death had been so instantaneous that all retained the positions in which they had been shot. One man had just pressed the trigger when hit. His finger still held back the little crooked piece of steel ; his eye still glanced over the sights, but it was with a glance of mingled horror and surprise, a look that saw nothing. It was the glance of death ! Quite close to one another lay four of our Canadian boys, all dead. Involuntarily I reined in my horse and gazed silently at them. The countenances of some seemed as though still in life, as far as expression went. And such varied expressions ! In some faces I could read a ghastly and defiant smile, as though, even in death as in life, the fierce hot thirst for human lives and the defiance of the grim destroyer were the dominant passions. Some were calm and resigned ; others were fierce and stern ; some as if in prayer ; but all were pale, and white and cold as the icy northern winter they would never see more. There they lay with the life-blood stiffening on their khaki uniforms, ah ! so stained and torn.

And we spoke of Arnold with hushed voices. He would die, away out there. And we spoke of those that had been our comrades through the long marches. And yet their fate today might have been ours, might be ours on the morrow, and this idea turned our thoughts homeward, homeward across the leagues of land and water to those that love us and those we love.

II.

Daybreak on the morning of the 19th found the Boers still there dogged in their murderous resistance. During the night all hands must have worked like slaves, for their position was considerably strengthened by fresh entrenchments. In fact, the remarkable quickness with which the Boer can entrench himself and adapt himself to the natural defences of the country is wonderful. The Royal Canadians were given a well-earned rest to the rear of the position they occupied just before the charge on the previous day, until two o'clock in the afternoon, when came the order to stand to arms. At five o'clock they moved to the left to complete the cordon that was being drawn tighter and tighter about the Boer general.

The position of the enemy on the little kopje to our left engaged the attention of the Mounted Infantry and a battery of the Royal Horse Artillery. These on approaching were met with such a heavy fire that they were compelled to fall back. Later on they took the kopje, and after garrisoning it, returned to camp at nightfall.

Early that morning Cronje asked for a 24-hour truce to bury his dead. Kitchener was not to be fooled into granting the slim Boer so much precious time and promptly refused, answering that the dead might be buried after the surrender. Then came a

reply from Cronje, curt and biting, saying that since the British were inhuman enough to refuse such a natural and humane request that General Cronje saw nothing else than to surrender. Kitchener had started toward the Boer laager to arrange for the capitulation, when a messenger from the Boer general was met who said that Cronje stated that the second message was a mistake, and that he had not the least idea of surrendering, but would fight till he died.

And Kitchener of Khartoum returned to the British lines. Those well acquainted with the man can well imagine the steely glance, the right eye blazing like a live coal, and the firm protruding jaw as he ordered the 18th, 62nd and 75th Field Batteries and the 65th Howitzer Battery to bombard the position. This last battery took up a position immediately in front of the main laager, and all began a terrible fire which drove the Boers to the trenches in the river-bed. It was vain to seek for cover, for no cover could protect them from the close, accurate and deadly fire that was poured into them. The Howitzers dropped shell after shell of lyddite into the river-bed until it seemed that no living creature could come through that awful hail of death. Still the Boers held out.

Away over on the other side of the laager a small party of mounted Boers endeavoured to break through the cordon. Gallopers went madly coursing between French and a half battalion of cavalry that were far out on the veldt. Suddenly from the cavalry leader's side away went an orderly, his horse's belly stretched to the ground at every bound of the powerful limbs. He soon becomes but a cloud of dust. The cloud stopped at the head of the motionless half battalion. Like mad the Boers are urging on their horses. Then came the orders: "The battalion will advance. First squadron, march! Trot! Gallop! Charge!!" A bugle blares out. A huge cloud of sand rises. And then—then all was a mad, wild chaos of khaki uniforms, pugareed helmets, slasher hats; coats, brown, black, blue, grey; of brandished lance points, flashing rifles; of fleeing, shrieking, cursing men; of tumbling bodies, and horses kicking, plunging, biting and rolling on the turf, giving vent to that shrill, half-human, agonized cry as they tore up the ground with their armoured hooves. Few of the Boers escaped.

The third day of the siege was to witness one of the grandest efforts on the part of the artillery that the British army has ever witnessed. For a short time the infantry engaged the enemy, driving them back, for the morning light showed them hard at work, strengthening their position on all sides round their laager. Soon there came a strange, weird lull in the fight during which we could hear the guns with French away to the east, engaged with the reinforcements which were hurrying to Cronje's assistance.

But the morning gave place to the afternoon, and Roberts, seeing that the Boer general had no intention of surrendering, although invited to do so in humanity's name, determined to thoroughly crush his enemy and so finish the work we had been prevented from performing nineteen years ago. On the south bank he ordered the guns already there into new position, 2,000 yards from the laager. On the north side were two long-range, naval 12-pounders enfilading the river, three naval 4.7 guns and three more batteries, the 76th, 81st and 82nd, 47 powerful guns in all. This, of course, does not include the Maxims which were continually at work. It is hard for the mind to conceive such a scene when so many powerful weapons were turned upon a space so confined. Finally the naval guns were advanced to within 1,000 yards of the Boer position. The crash and roar was deafening and appalling. The very ground shook as the mighty report rolled up the river valley, echoing and resounding, rolled down again among the hills with a crashing roar as though a thousand fiends were shrieking in chorus over the destruction! Every bush, every little hillock, every ravine

that might shelter the enemy was made a mark by the gunners. The banks on both sides of the river were simply torn to pieces by shrapnel. The Boers attempted to snipe the men manning tbe naval guns, but were driven back by the fierce counter-fire that was poured among them by the Maxims.

Meanwhile the command of Smith-Dorrien had been at work since five a.m. Advancing continuously in open order, they succeeded in establishing themselves within 600 yards of the Boers where they rested until four p.m., many without a bite to eat or a drop to drink. Indeed the rations that were served out were hardly enough to keep body and soul together. About four o'clock, however, the Canadians' transport came up with kettles, water and tea, and the men crowded round in a hungry mob. So conspicuous was the crowd that the Boers turned one of their "pom-pom" guns upon the throng; the majority of the deadly little shells, fortunately, fell too short or passed harmlessly overhead. A few did explode among our men, but the damage done was slight.

Tuesday night found our men resting, without a sound to disturb their well-earned repose. Silent were the cannon, silent the spiteful rifle. There in the donga lay the Boer general fighting against hope. Who can tell what his thoughts were on that night? Majuba day was coming. Could he hold out until then? Would that day bring him the savage joy it brought nearly a score years before? But all was silent and still. Nature, in her tragic moods, is silent.

Dawn on the 21st brought anxiety with it. The men were not all awake when suddenly a terrific fusilade broke out on our left front over towards the north side of the Boer laager. The men sprang up and looked at one another in astonishment. Some grasped their rifles. The incessant rattle and crackling of the rifle fire was the heaviest probably that had occurred since the beginning of the war. It sounded as though regiment after regiment were pouring in volley after volley in one continuous roar. Was Cronje making a desperate rush to break through? Had the whole Boer army come to the relief of their greatest fighting general?

But the news soon came to set their minds at rest. Two British regiments had lost their way the night previous and had bivouacked quite close to the Boers' trenches. The enemy, working in the early dawn on their position, discovered the close proximity of the British and at once began firing upon them, but so wretchedly bad was the Boer marksmanship that the casualties were very slight.

In the early morning Smith-Dorrien's brigade began working northward toward the laager, while French advanced to the eastern kopje held by a strong force of Boers who had previously been strongly reinforced by a commando from before Ladysmith. While French was advancing, another brigade and a battery of H. A. worked round to the rear of the same kopje. When the artillery unlimbered and commenced to shell the hill, the Boers suddenly started in the direction of French, who forced them toward the drift by vigourous shell fire. Many escaped, but we captured about fifty, and in the kopje found a lot of forage, provisions and equipment. This position was of great strategical value as it prevented any relieving force from marching to the assistance of the beleaguered general.

The fighting during the day was broken by several short truces, but Cronje not only refused to surrender, but declined Roberts' humane offer of safe conduct for women and children, and a free pass to any point they wished to reach.

All through the evening the heavy artillery fire was kept up, and when the last gun was fired the Shropshires, who had been occupying the river bed since Sunday, made a splendid rush of 200 yards, where they took up position and spent the whole night entrenching themselves. Just after this fine movement a heavy thunderstorm, accompanied by rain, broke out, and soon every man in the field was soaking wet,

but in spite of their discomfort the men manned their trenches as cheerily as ever.

Just as when we are happiest we are nearest sadness, so in the time of extreme danger, many amusing, even ludicrous sights are to be seen, but perhaps the most amusing was to see the way in which the Gordons relieved the Shrops on Thursday. The Boer sharpshooters were ever on the alert and a glimpse of khaki brought a bullet. Extreme caution was the price of safety, so the Highlanders wormed their way to the trenches on their stomachs, while over their prostrate bodies crept the men of the Shropshire regiment.

The day was marked by the triple repulse dealt to the reinforcements that had hurried to the help of Cronje. At daybreak a most determined effort to break the cordon was made by over 2,000 Boers. Part of these endeavoured to take up one position after another, but found each of the three coigns of vantage they attempted to occupy were held by the British. They finally rode to a kopje that was unoccupied, but the "Borderers" who had hurled them back from each of the three positions, and whose regimental badge, covered with glorious names, shows it to be one of the finest regiments in the service, raced to the kopje and getting there before the enemy again drove them away. Botha, the general who came to Cronje's assistance, was forced to flee, pursued by our cavalry, which cut up his rear guard and took sixty prisoners with seven waggons.

On the 26th we knew the end was near. The rains, which had been prevailing for the last few days, had swollen the river, forcing the Boers from the security of the river bed. Upon the muddy bosom of the stream there floated dead horses and dead men. The stench arising from the dead bodies was horrid and the sight ghastly in the extreme.

And then Majuba day came, the day of all days to the Boer. The sun was not yet above the horizon. It was five minutes to three o'clock. Silence reigned supreme. Two minutes to three and still all was quiet as the tomb. Then the hour of three was ushered in by a sharp rippling fire of rifle shots that broke the silence of the morning. The reports echoed along the river bank, sweeping up stream and down again, gaining in volume and then dying away as the sound rolled on. Thousands of bullets cut up the plain, the flash-lights were working like mad from kopje to kopje, and the rumour spread again that Cronje was trying to break through. Soon the crash of British volleys broke the rattle of the well-known report of the Mausers. Every man was awake. Then over the sound of the rifles came the blare of the bugle, "Cease fire," and, save for a few scattered shots, all was again silent. And once more dawn brought explanations.

The Canadians had again shown the fine fighting qualities exhibited on the 18th. Two companies with fixed bayonets advanced up the north bank, keeping touch with one another in the darkness by locking arms. Following them came others with picks and shovels and some Royal Engineers. On they went, 500 yards, 600 yards, 700 yards, 800 yards, and then began to entrench themselves. They were only 50 yards from the Boers. The sound of steel pick and shovel alarmed the Boers and at once the Mausers were at work. But the men, following instructions, threw themselves upon the ground and the leaden hail passed harmlessly overhead. The Canadians were told not to return the fire. The Gordons in the river could not fire for fear of hitting their colonial comrades, but the Shrops, from their trench, poured in a destructive enfilading fire that formed a good cover. The Canadians succeeded in occupying the edge of the trenches along the river, completely enfilading the rest. Suddenly the first ray of the sun appeared over the tree-tops and the regiment stationed on the crest of the hill saw a white flag and burst into cheers. "Hurrah" after "Hurrah" burst from their throats. Cronje had surrendered!

III.

Our wounded was still being brought in when General Colvile and Colonel Ewart, of his staff, arrived, and the rumour quickly spread that the rat had come out of his hole. But our men were too tired and weary to cheer at the time, yet hand met hand in friendly firm clasp as comrade turned to comrade without saying a word. Shortly afterwards a note arrived for Lord Roberts stating that General Cronje surrendered unconditionally, and General Prettyman was sent to take the surrender. At six o'clock Cronje came out of his retreat accompanied only by his secretary and in charge of General Prettyman. This small group crossed the plain toward headquarters. Lord Roberts, pacing silently to and fro near the cart in which he sleeps, ordered the guard of Seaforth Highlanders to form in line to receive the surrendering general.

The group of horsemen came nearer, and on the right of Prettyman rode an elderly man wearing a rough, short, dark overcoat, wide brimmed hat, much the worse of wear, ordinary tweed trousers, and shoes difficult to tell whether they were brown or black, so covered were they with the red dust. The face, shaded by the wide brim, was almost black from sun and exposure to all kinds of weather, and the thick beard was tinged with grey. This was the "Lion of the Transvaal," Cronje!

The face of the Boer was like a mask. Was he thinking of Potjesfontein then? Who can tell? The Field-Marshal's staff stood waiting.

"Commandant Cronje, sir," said Prettyman, addressing his chief. Cronje touched his hat in salute; Roberts returned it. The whole party dismounted; Roberts stepped forward a pace or two, shook hands with Cronje and said, "You made a gallant defence, sir." This was the first salutation of the Marshal to the conquered leader, who then entered the mess tent where he was entertained with food.

And over among the Boers were strange sights. The men stood up unarmed on the trench banks, and white flags showed among the trees and along the red earth trenches. Men were wandering aimlessly to and fro, each carrying his blanket. They did not seem to be sorrowful at the surrender, but what troubled them was their ultimate destination, where would they be sent, or if they would be parolled. Over on the other bank were women and children, good, faithful hearts that had accompanied their husbands, fathers, brothers, sons, to the field, not to fight against the hated "Rooineks," but to cook for their men. The women were red-eyed and crying and wringing their hands at the dread thought of being torn from those they loved. And little children clung piteously to their mothers' skirts and looked up pathetically, wondering what it was all about. Weeping, the women begged for something to give their children to eat. All were hungry. Their oxen had perished, their horses stampeded; they were helpless, and this—this of all days was Majuba day!

Within the laager the sight was a doleful one. Burned waggons, red crooked pieces of iron, heaps of ashes, and everywhere great holes splashed with the pale yellowish green of the exploded lyddite. The foot crunched on shrapnel, shreds of steel lay all about, while a great 100-pound shell lay unexploded upon the sand. Death and destruction reigned supreme. The whole place stank with putrid flesh, notwithstanding the fact that thousands of Boers, horses and cattle had been thrown into the river in the vain endeavour to rid the place of the stench. It seemed impossible that human beings could have existed in such a noisome place. The trenches were constructed in a most marvellous manner, making it quite probable that our bombardment was not as deadly as might have been expected.

The wounded lay unattended under the trees or hid in holes in the river bank. Broken boxes, dead horses and men were everywhere. Further up the river three Krupps poked their black muzzles from a wall built with parapets of sand bags. Some artillery-

men were hurrying about the guns. When we came to take possession the breech blocks were gone and doubtless rest in the mud at the bottom of the river.

Then the soldiers began to arrive, and order grew out of chaos. Sharp words of command were shouted, the confusion grew less ; the mob sifted itself into queer-looking groups forming by commandos, just as we form by regiments. Squatting upon their rolled or folded blankets, they awaited further orders.

And these, this rabble, unkempt, dirty, ill-clad—these men with their old-fashioned faces and peasant clothes —these were the men who had hurled back the flower of the English army at bloody Maagersfontein, and there they sat or stood slouchily, prisoners of war. There was the old grey-beard of three score, the clean-lipped, keen-eyed youth of sixteen, the fathers and the sons, hard men all. They did not look like the men to roll back our British lines, or stand a bombardment that would have broken the morale of even the finest army. And they, with pardonable pride, looked pleased when told that they fought well, and gazed at the Mausers and at the ammunition that overflowed the trenches, at the munitions of war that alone linked them to modern times.

And then came the order to cross the river. In two ever-increasing heaps the rifles were thrown. Some cast their rifles aside as though glad to get rid of them. Others among the greybeards placed their rifles slowly and tenderly upon the heap as though parting from some well-beloved child, and then went on with bowed head. The scene at the ford was one of the most marvellous ever witnessed. Each man took with him all he could carry—pots, pans, and blankets. The river had swollen and many of the prisoners took off their trousers to cross. The whole scene was that of a picnic rather than a scene from the tragedy, War. Laughing and splashing one another, the men crossed, appearing to look upon the surrender as a huge joke, but among them were serious faces, grim and old, which looked with anger or sorrow upon the sporting of the others. The women waved their hands in farewell. Loving words of parting were shouted from bank to bank. A young Boer stops, looks back. His mother is standing over there. One kiss, one more caress he must have. He starts back. A gleaming bayonet is lowered to his breast. But the mute look of appeal in his honest grey eyes touches the heart of "Tommie," who has a grey-haired old mother at home, and the boy is soon at his mother's side, only to be back in his place again before the section reaches the other bank. War is not all glory.

And so Cronje surrendered over 4,000 men and six guns, and the shot-marks on the surrendered pom-pom gun showed how fierce had been the leaden hail.

GREATER BRITAIN.

YOUR course shall mark the way of progress plainly,
And bid the true and daring walk therein.
Against you shall the bravest war but vainly,—
Who fights for progress can but grandly win.

Johnson Brigham.

CANADA AND BISLEY.

By Lieut. H. C. Blair.

THE National Rifle Association of Great Britain was founded in the year 1860 for the purpose of giving permanence to volunteer corps, and for encouraging rifle shooting throughout the Queen's dominions. That it has succeeded is proved by the fact that, to-day it stands the strongest rifle association in the world, and its annual meeting is by far the greatest meeting of riflemen in existence.

It has a membership of nearly three thousand, and its assets are valued at over £70,000 stg. It has for its Patron Field-Marshal His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, K.G., and for its President Field-Marshal His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge. On its Council list appear the names of some of the most distinguished men in the United Kingdom.

Cash prizes are given annually to the amount of upwards of £12,000 stg., besides many handsome and valuable trophies.

In one of the most beautiful parts of the county of Surrey, in England, lies the famous Bisley common. For two weeks each year, commencing on the second Tuesday of July, it is a city of tents and the home of about two thousand riflemen. Over one thousand men are employed by the N.R.A. as range officers, markers, register keepers and assistants.

A number of very fine bungalows have been erected by different regiments; among these the Canadian bungalow is the largest and most elaborate. Next comes the Army and Navy, the Scottish Twenty Club, and the Members' Club. In addition a great many private colleges have been erected. All are tastefully painted and surrounded by neat flower gardens. During the matches, trains run hourly to and from London, distant in a north-easterly direction about forty miles. For the first thirty years of its existence the matches of the Association were held at Wimbledon, near Putney.

On the left of the range are situated the long range targets, twenty-five in number. This is known as "Stickledown." The longest distance shot here is 1200 yards. On the centre is the main range. Here we find in an unbroken line 102 targets. Of these 12 are used as extra series, and the remaining 90, known as the "90 Butt," for the regular matches. A miniature railway train, owned and operated by the Association, carries us a distance of one mile to the Wharncliffe range, where are twelve more targets also used exclusively for extra series matches.

The matches last year amounted in



BISLEY—THE MORNING GUN.

number to one hundred and twenty seven. The most important, the first week besides the skirmishing, were the "Kolapore" and the "Prince of Wales."

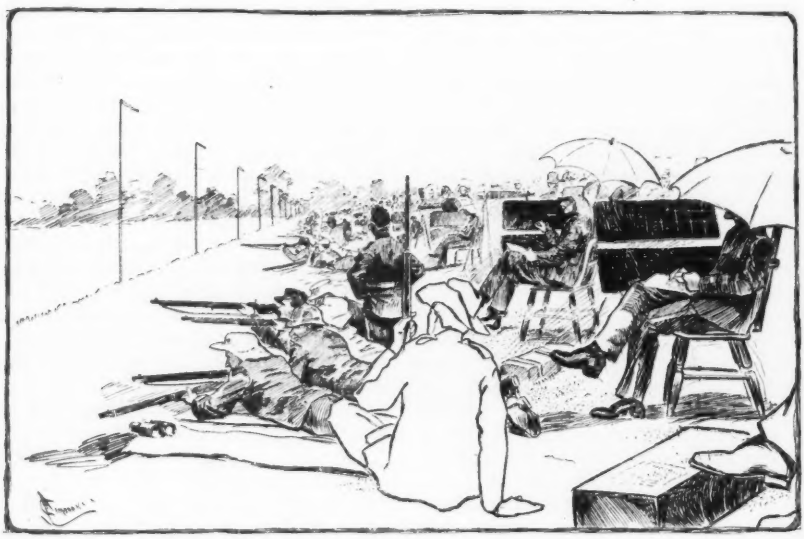
The Kolapore cups were presented in 1871 by H.H. the Rajah of Kolapore, and are to be competed for annually by teams of eight; one team from the Mother country and one team from the militia and volunteers of each British Colony or dependency. The ranges are 200, 500 and 600 yds., seven shots at each. Last year the cups were won by the team from the Mother Country with a record score. Out of a possible 105, each man on the winning team averaged 96 points. The Canadian team won the second prize, £80, with an average of 95 points per man.

The first Canadian team was sent to Wimbledon in 1872, by the Dominion Rifle Association, assisted by the Militia Department of Canada, for the purpose of competing for the Kolapore cups. This team was successful, carrying back to Canada the much-coveted trophies. Ever since, a team of twenty men, with a commandant and adjutant has been sent by the Dominion Rifle Association to compete in the annual matches of the N.R.A.

In the years 1897 and 1898 teams of twelve men were in like manner sent from Australia. This Australian team was also, in its first venture, successful in winning the Indian's handsome prize, it being carried off by the Victorians with, up to that time, the record score of 751 points.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales gives annually for competition the sum of one hundred pounds sterling; to this is added by the Association another hundred pounds. The first prize is £100 and the Prince of Wales' badge, and is of course, one of the plums of the meeting.

The ranges are two hundred and six hundred yards, ten shots at each; the match is open only to winners of the N.R.A. medal, which narrows the number of competitors down to about four hundred. Last year the prize was won by Sergt. Wattleworth,



SHOOTING AT BISLEY FOR THE QUEEN'S PRIZE.

Commandant.

THE CANADIAN BISLEY TEAM FOR 1899.

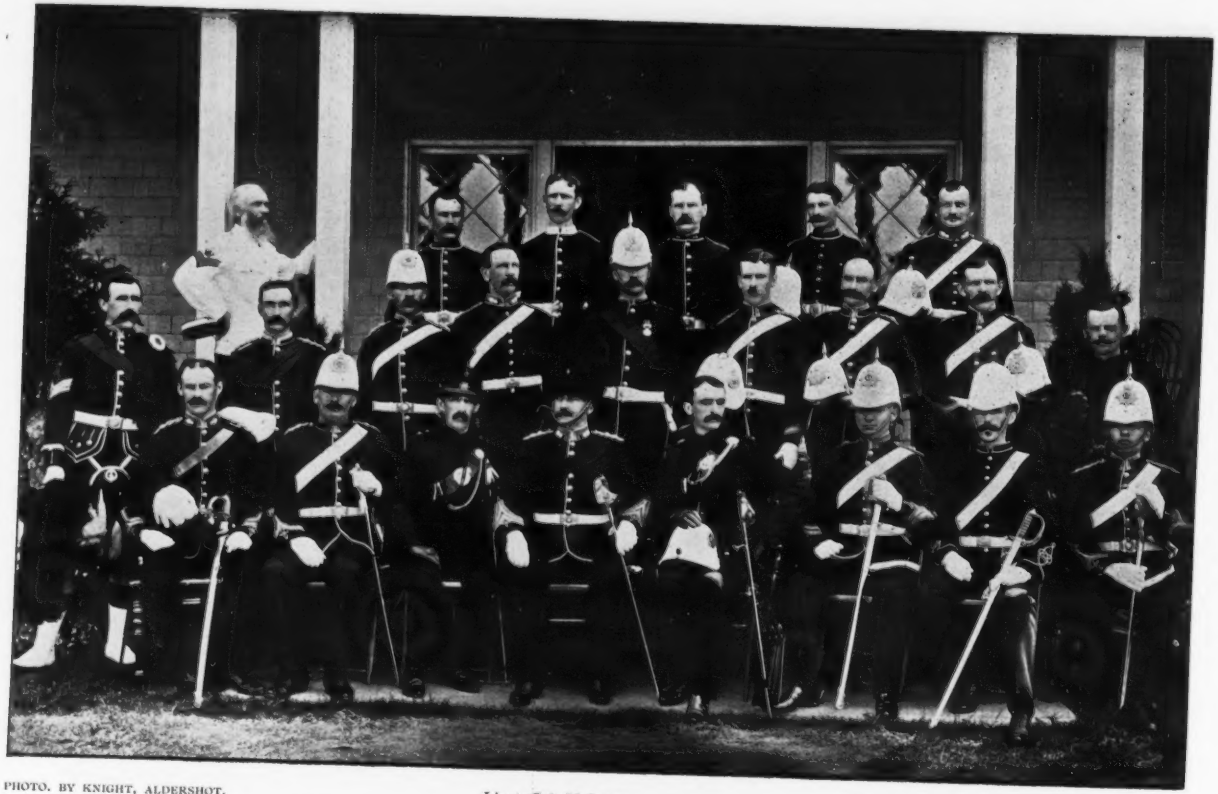


PHOTO. BY KNIGHT, ALDERSHOT.

Lieut.-Col. McLean,
Commandant.

THE CANADIAN BISLEY TEAM FOR 1899.



CANADIANS EN ROUTE FOR BISLEY.

of Liverpool, with the fine score of 95 out of a possible 100. Sergt. Wattleworth enjoys the distinction of having won the same prize in 1897, and, of having also shot on the International team seventeen times. He has been in the Queen's final "hundred" seven times, and, although he has come within an ace of winning the blue ribbon of the meeting, has not yet succeeded.

Besides the numerous matches which are competed for by individuals, there are a great many team matches. The "Evelyn Wood" is shot for in accordance with the conditions of the attack practice, formulated under direction of the General Officer commanding the Aldershot district, by companies from the infantry regiments of the regular army, 12 files from each company. A march of eleven miles must be accomplished in three and a quarter hours. Then the team begins volley firing at disappearing targets at 800 yards. Rushes by alternate sections are made up to 250 yards, when bayonets are fixed, and independent firing is carried on. The match was won in 1899 by the team from the 2nd Northampton Regiment with 169 hits out of a possible 300.

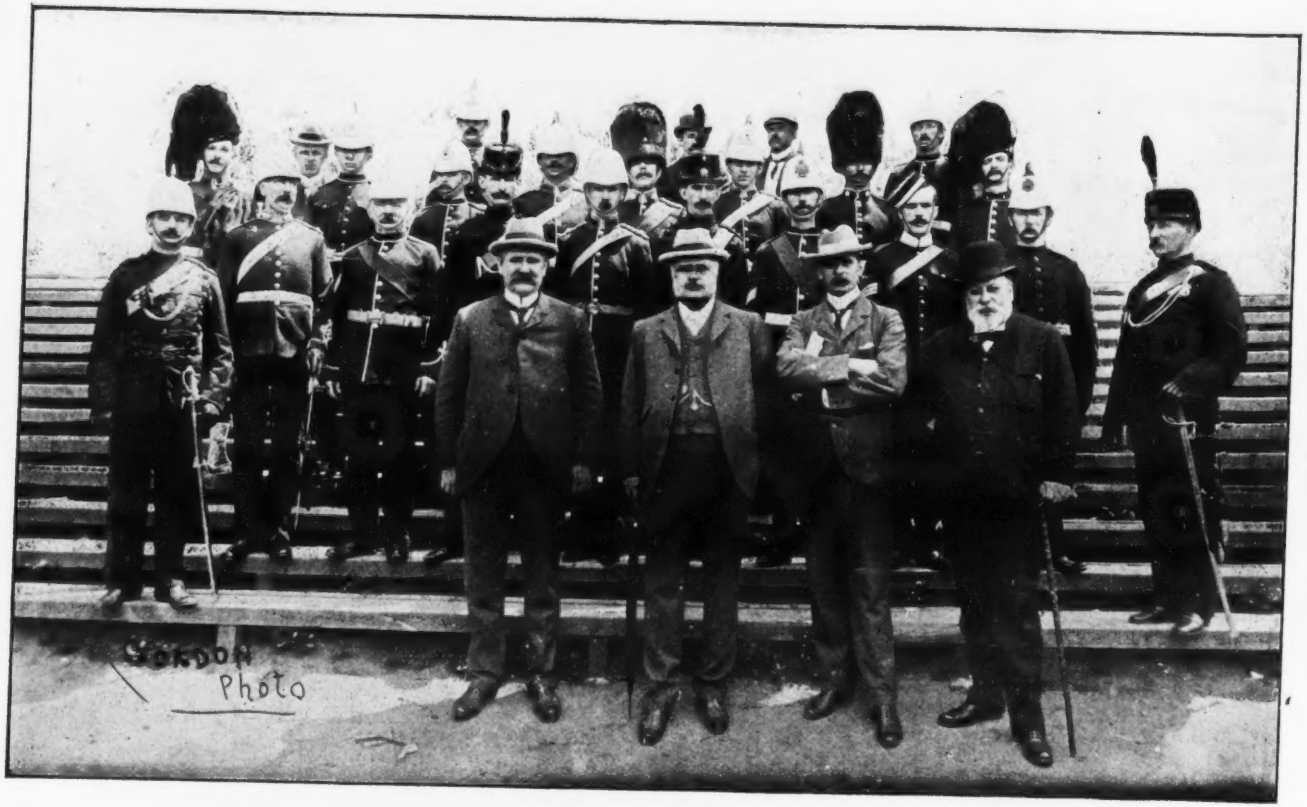
The "Mullens" prize of £200, being the interest for one year upon the sum given by Mr. J. A. Mullens, is open to three teams of six volunteers qualified to shoot in the Queen's. The ranges are from 600 yards to between 200 and 100 yards, the conditions require that the competition will take place at moving targets, each representing a man. The teams commence firing volleys at 600 yards, and advance at the double, firing volleys every 50 yards until within 200 yards when independent fire is kept up for 30 seconds, or until the cease fire is sounded. The first prize in this match is £100; £50 of this goes to the winning team, and the remaining £50 to its battalion, for the encouragement of field firing at the discretion of the Commanding Officer. The first prize in 1899 was won by the 13th Middlesex R.V. team with 62 hits.

The "Elcho Shield" match is open to teams of eight from England, Scot-



THE CANADIAN BISLEY TEAM FOR 1900.

Lieut.-Col. Delamere
Commandant.



THE CANADIAN BISLEY TEAM FOR 1900.

Lieut.-Col. Delamere
Commandant.

land, Ireland and Wales, and consists of 15 shots at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards. The match is always most keenly contested, and as match sights are allowed, some very fine shooting results. Last year it proved another Flodden for the Scots, and another Boyne Water for the Irish, for the English team proudly flaunted the St. George's Cross to the front for the nineteenth time since the inception of the match in 1862.

The score for the eight men was as follows :

ENGLAND.

	800 yds.	900 yds.	1,000 yds.	
Lieut.-Col. Mellish, 4th Notts	71	71	67—	209
Major, the Hon. T. F. Freemantle	64	69	68—	201
Mr. H. Whitehead, Bury	64	73	64—	201
Major G. C. Gibbs, 2nd Glos. Engr.	63	71	66—	200
Major Edge, 4th Notts	63	67	66—	196
Major T. Lamb, 1st South Lancas	61	66	68—	195
Capt. J. Hopton, Hythe Staff	57	67	64—	188
Mr. T. Smith-Bunny	62	63	62—	187
	505	547	525—	1,577

In a match for the Duke of York's Cup Sergeant Woods, of the 1st V.B. South Staffordshire, compiled a score of 105 for 21 shots, fired at 200, 500 and 600 yards, the highest possible score attainable. Such is the precision of the modern service rifle, and the proficiency of the rifleman of the present day, that possibles are of quite common occurrence. In the first stage of the St. George's at 500 yards over sixty "possibles" were recorded. One of the competitors, Corpl. Ommundsen, of Leith, scored a possible at each range, 500 and 600, and thus came back to the 800-yards range without having dropped a point. Beginning at this range with two magpies, he then put on eight consecutive "bulls" and won the much-coveted Vase, Dragon Cup, Gold Cross and £30, a remarkable performance with the open sighted service rifle in the hands of a competitor but 21 years of age.

The Revolver matches occupy a prominent place in the Bisley programme, no fewer than 18 competitions being on the cards last year. Stationary targets, targets moving across the line of fire, appearing and disappearing, advancing and retiring, in fact every conceivable form of shooting which would be useful to a soldier on active service. Other competitions include the "Running Deer," the "Running Man" and the "Morris Tube."

The first day of the second week always marks the high-water point in the Bisley meeting. On that day the competition for the Queen's prize begins, and every marksman in the volunteer service who thinks he has even a remote chance of being the Gold Medallist of the year is in camp. The opening stage of the Queen's always puts on his mettle every man on the downs who carries a rifle. The weather last year, however, was not conducive to a display of energy. It was the hottest morning ever experienced at Bisley. A blazing sun made the inside of a tent intolerable, and the open air did not afford much relief. There was scarcely a breath of wind, and the flags down the ranges which serve as windgauges to the competitors, hung lifeless on their poles. A hot misty haze was in the air, and the smell of crushed heather filled the nostrils as one walked over the downs. The 1,770 contestants were on the ranges before





BISLEY—"PRESS" QUARTERS.

nine o'clock waiting patiently for gun fire and the hoisting of the red signal cone. The long line of multi-coloured figures waiting in the heat presented a most picturesque sight on the wide stretch of Bisley down. All along the wide front of the "90" Butt stretched a broad front of moving colour. Every uniform in the volunteer service was represented, but, whether a man wore the scarlet of the line, the invisible green of the rifle corps, the blue of the gunners, or tartan or hodden grey, he topped it with a white cap. This Bisley headgear is unique. It is never seen elsewhere unless an odd specimen finds its way to another rifle meeting. Soon the gun fires and the red drum is hoisted and a savage fire is instantly commenced the whole length of the line. So earnest are the riflemen, and so fervent is the firing that one could almost imagine a lot of Mahdists were intrenched behind the butts. The first squad had hardly finished when the word passed round that a possible had been made, and then another, and another, and presently no less than five men had made a score in the first range which lacked no single point. Twenty-six men made 34 each, and over a hundred made 33 each. When the shooting in the first stage, seven shots at 200, 500 and 600 yards, was completed, it was found that one competitor had scored 101, and that all scores of 93 had to shoot off for final places in the 300.

For the third time in its history the Queen's prize contest of 1899 resulted in a triple tie, and for the first time on record, the gold medal, the blue ribbon of British marksmanship, went to the Channel Islands. Previous triple ties are interesting to look back upon. In 1861, the very second year of the contest, Private Jopling, 2nd Middlesex, Viscount Bury, 21st Middlesex; and Sergeant Bingham, Bristol, stood equal with 18 points out of a possible 42; and in 1886, Private Jackson, 1st Lincoln; Colour-Sergt. Barrett, 2nd Lancashire and Corpl. Richardson, 2nd Cambridge, tied with 265 points out of a possible 330, whilst last year Private Wm. Priaulx, 1st Guernsey Militia; Col.-Sergt. Anderson, 4th Lanark and Private F. Jones, 1st Welsh Fusiliers, tied with 336 points out of a possible 380. No more sensational conclusion has ever attended the great trial of British marksmanship than the latter, and the contest will always remain a memorable one to all who had the good fortune to witness it.



BISLEY—TEAM SHOOTING IN THE McKINNON.

The gathering of spectators who journeyed to Bisley for the purpose of seeing the gold medal shot for, was one of the largest which ever assembled on the final day of the meeting. The weather was brilliantly fine. In the early part of the day it looked decidedly unpromising. Almost up to the time when Bisley shooting ordinarily begins, heavy rain had fallen, and a thick haze still hung over the common, but finally the sun broke through, and the day turned out one of brilliant sunshine and oppressive heat. The rain and subsequent heat, however, produced a peculiar state of the atmosphere from the rifleman's point of view, and when some of the competitors went up to the long ranges in the morning to have a few practice shots at pool, they found the elevation to be very different from what they had been using during the week. That was no doubt the chief reason why, when the final stage of the contest was actually entered upon at midday, so many of the hundred missed the target with their sighting shots. The wind on the other hand was pretty easy to gauge, because, while fairly strong from the right, it was steady.



PHOTO. BY FOY, BRIGHTON.

CHAIRING THE QUEEN'S PRIZE WINNER.

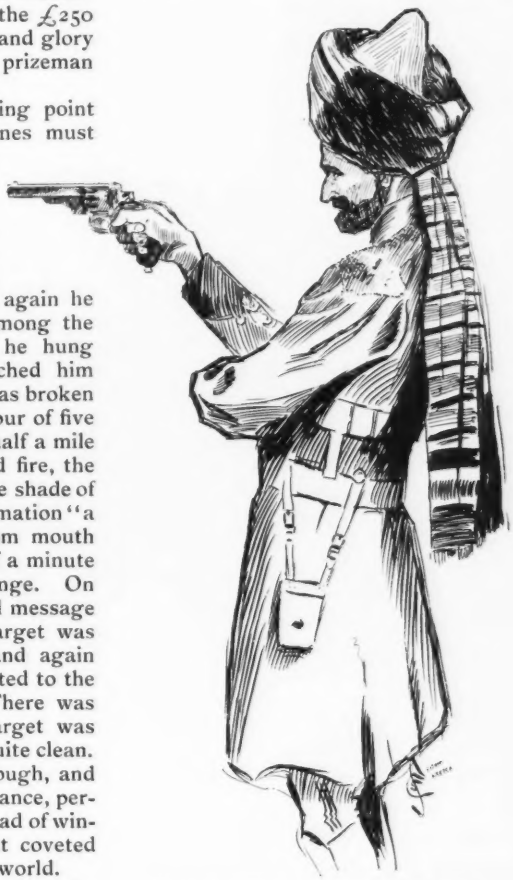
With the shooting at 1000 yards, the real tug of war commenced. The five leading men leaving the 900 yards were Jones, Black, Priaulx, Boyd and Anderson. Three Scotsmen, one Channel Islander and one Welshman. Jones began in great style with three bull's-eyes in succession, and already the bystanders were spotting him as the winner. Most unfortunately, however, he missed his fourth shot, having been blown past the left. Then the spectators betook themselves to those targets at which other leading men were shooting.

Black had missed his fourth shot and Priaulx his third shot. After his miss, however, Priaulx made no more serious mistakes. He had still a shot or two to fire when some men had finished shooting. Armourer-Sergt. Fulton, the Queen s prizeman of 1882, finished with 332, and was then highest. Col.-Sergt. Shannon, 3rd Welsh, and Sergt. Cameron, 10th Lanark, who had pulled up splendidly, closed with 334 each. All the while Priaulx's comrades were intently watching him shooting, and when he registered the last bull's-eye, which made him 336, they burst into excited applause, imagining that he had won the gold medal. They were evidently unaware of what was going on right and left of the target at which Priaulx was firing. Even now Anderson had rounded off his score with three bull's-eyes, which brought up his aggregate exactly to the figures reached by Priaulx. Jones had now three shots still to fire and his total stood at 328. To his target, accordingly there was a great rush of spectators, who at once began to discuss Jones' chances in such eager tones that the police had repeatedly to suppress the conversation. To a man

who had scored an inner and two bull's-eyes after his untoward miss, Jones task of scoring nine points with his three remaining rounds appeared very simple. First he had an inner, then, when his turn came, he did not have a bull's-eye, which would have made the gold medal his right away, but another inner. Accordingly if he hit the target at all with his last shot, the £250 cheque, and all the honour and glory which attend the Queen's prizeman were his.

The crowd behind the firing point was now so large that Jones must inevitably have known that the issue depended upon his last shot. Long and carefully he aimed, but was unable to hold satisfactorily, and took his rifle down. Again he aimed and again he rested. The excitement among the spectators was intense. As he hung on the shot the crowd watched him with breathless silence that was broken only by the chiming of the hour of five upon the camp clock nearly half a mile away. When at last he did fire, the target stood motionless in the shade of the sloped butt, and the exclamation "a miss" went in a whisper from mouth to mouth. After the lapse of a minute or so Jones decided to challenge. On the receipt of the telephoned message from the firing point, the target was lowered for examination, and again thousands of eyes were directed to the butt to note the decision. There was a long pause before the target was raised and then it came up quite clean. Jones had missed, surely enough, and had thrown away the best chance, perhaps, that a volunteer ever had of winning the greatest and most coveted rifleman's prize in the whole world.

With all despatch the three men who had reached the same figures at 336, were called together at another target in order that the tie might be shot off. Priaulx lay down on the right, Anderson in the centre, and Jones on the left, and fired in the order named. For their sighting shots Priaulx had a "bull," Anderson an inner and Jones a "bull." Then for the first counting shot Priaulx had a bull about ten inches in at nine o'clock, Anderson a magpie which just touched the top of the target, and was as nearly as possible a miss, whilst Jones had an inner about six inches out of the "bull" at twelve o'clock. Priaulx for his second shot had another "bull," which made him ten, while Anderson had a ricochet which was at first signalled a bull's-eye. It was now Jones' turn to fire, and he, like Priaulx, had a "bull" which made him 9. Priaulx made an inner for his last shot.



MADRAS LANCER AT REVOLVER RANGE.



PHOTO. BY KNIGHT, ALDERSHOT.

BISLEY—RECEPTION ROOM, CANADIAN BUNGALOW.

Anderson had an outer right, and everything, consequently, depended on Jones' final shot. To the dismay of everybody, his ill luck in the competition itself followed him in his tie shots, and he once more missed the target. Priaulx was warmly congratulated on his victory and in accordance with the usual custom, was "chaired" and, followed by a large crowd, was carried across the Common to the Jersey camp, where his health was cordially pledged. Afterwards he was taken to the umbrella tent where the prizes were presented, and the gold badge was pinned to his breast by the Duke of Cambridge.

Only once before has the Queen's prize been carried out of Great Britain, Sergt. Hayhurst, of Canada, having won it in 1895 after an exciting shoot-off with Private Boyd, of the 3rd Lanark. During the forty years of competition fourteen times has the big prize been carried north of the Tweed by the "canny" shots from the land of the "mountain and the flood." Only one man has ever attained the distinction of winning it twice, Angus Cameron, of Inverness. In 1866, and again in 1869, was the nervy Scot brought in triumph to his home in far Lochaber—

"And wild and high the Cameron's gathering rose,
The war note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills have heard,
And heard too have her Saxon foes;
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills, savage and shrill;
But with the breath that fills their mountain pipe,
So fill the mountaineers with the fierce native daring
Which instils the stirring memory of a thousand years,



PHOTO. BY KENNEDY, TORONTO.

SHOOTING TEAM OF 48TH HIGHLANDERS, TORONTO.

Winners of the Gzowski Cup and the British Challenge Shield at the Dominion Rifle Association Matches at Ottawa, 1899—Lieut.-Col. W. C. Macdonald, Commandant of the Highlanders, is third from the right.

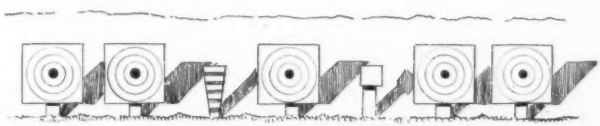
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears."

Previous instances of the big prize having been lost in the last shot are recorded, notably that of Kelman, of Beauly in the shire of Inverness, who long ago would have won the blue ribbon but for the catastrophic fact that his last shot, an inner, was planted on the wrong target.

For the first time in its history the "Grand Aggregate" of the meeting was won by a Canadian, Surgeon Lieut. Bertram, of Dundas, in the Province of Ontario, carrying off the Gold Cross, the Dominion of Canada Challenge Trophy, valued at £250, and £20 in gold. The same brilliant shot also won the Volunteer aggregate, which carries with it the magnificent Hop Bitters Trophy, valued at £1,000.

The National Rifle Association of Great Britain can take credit to itself to-day, for a great deal of the high standard of rifle shooting, which exists in the army and among the Volunteers of the British Empire.

During the second week of the meeting it was necessary to have three direct wires to Scotland, and on one occasion four wires were pressed with work in the telegraph department with Glasgow and Edinburgh. In the course of the meeting over a million words were signalled in press messages, and over 15,000 private telegrams were sent and received.



XUM



PHOTO. BY SAVANNAH

LIEUT.-GOV. McINNES, WHO HAS JUST BEEN DISMISSED BY THE DOMINION GOVERNMENT.



PHOTO. BY SAVANNAH.

HON. J. H. TURNER, EX-PREMIER, DISMISSED IN 1898; PRESENT MINISTER OF FINANCE.

BRITISH COLUMBIA POLITICS.

By T. L. Grahame.

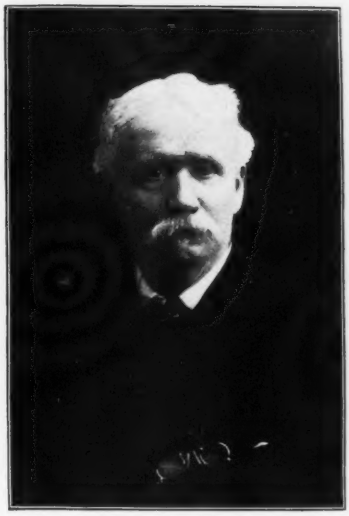
ON Saturday, June 9th, came to an end the fiercest and the strangest election campaign in the records of the Province of British Columbia. Unfortunately for the Province, the extraordinary condition, of which that election campaign was merely a fractional part, an incident, did not also come to an end. At the present writing there appears to be no end to it. Since 1898 British Columbia has been a seething cauldron of political unrest. Ministries have risen, played well or ill their part, and vanished into the limbo which yawns for the unfit and defective; men have come and men have gone, but the confusion has remained. But of all who have borne a part in the hurly-burly none has been so conspicuous as Joseph Martin. He, in short, has been the hero in the strife. It began when he entered the arena two and a half years ago, and his enemies say that it will continue until he vanishes from the scene. In casting a retrospective glance over the history of those two years this is always the central figure; in all the vicissitudes of that time it is he who looms up large and masterful, the man

"That 'mid the tide of all emergency"

did, actively and strongly, and, as I believe, rightly in each crisis.

Two years ago the Turner Ministry was in power, but was being subjected to the severest press criticism ever levelled against any administration in this province. The leaders of the Government were charged with sundry offences, amongst them being their improper participation in the affairs of certain Klondike mining and exploitation companies. In the midst of this bitter war of words Joseph Martin arrived from Manitoba and quietly settled down to

XUM

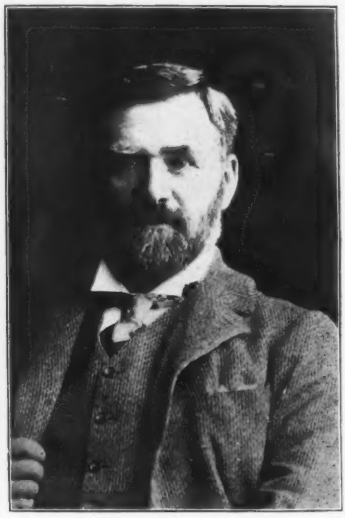


HON. CHARLES A. SEMLIN, EX-PREMIER, WHO FORMED A GOVERNMENT ON THE DISMISSAL OF THE HON. MR. TURNER IN 1898. HE IN TURN WAS DISMISSED.

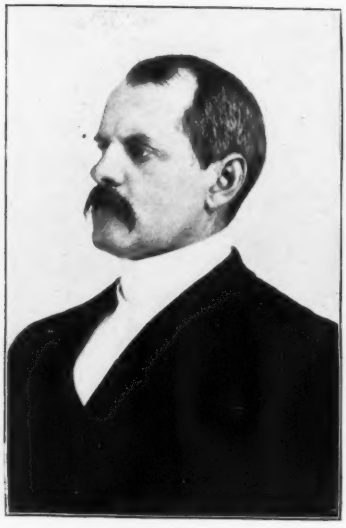


HON. JOSEPH MARTIN, EX-PREMIER, WHO SUCCEEDED THE HON. MR. SEMLIN BUT WAS DEFEATED AT A GENERAL ELECTION.

the practice of his profession in Vancouver. Then came on the provincial election at the end of the fourth year of the Turner Government's term, and Mr. Martin easily secured nomination as a candidate for Vancouver City. Immediately before the elections the Lieutenant-Governor, Senator MacInnes, had begun to assert his viceregal prerogatives in a very decided manner. Scenes of anything but a friendly or dignified character, it is reported, took place almost daily and nightly at Carey Castle, the romantic seat of the Lieutenant-Governors of British Columbia, (unfortunately burned to the ground last winter). His Honour believed that his advisers were not doing their duty to the country, and he refused to sign warrants for the expenditure of fifteen thousand dollars, an appropriation ostensibly for roads and bridges in the district of Cassiar. The elections were then only a few weeks off. The inference seemed to be clear. Before election day the dispute between His Honour and the Cabinet had reached a painfully acute stage. No sooner was the result of the voting made known to the Lieutenant-Governor than he summarily dismissed the Turner Ministry and called upon Mr. Robert Beaven, an old politician, but who had just suffered defeat in the election, to form a Ministry. This Mr. Beaven could not do. Then His Honour called upon the man whom every one thought should have received the call first, Mr. Charles A. Semlin, leader of the Opposition. Mr. Semlin had no difficulty in forming a Cabinet and chose as his Attorney-General, Mr. Joseph Martin. The other members of the Ministry were Mr. Francis Carter-Cotton, Finance; Mr. John F. Hume, Mines; Dr. MacKechnie, President of the Council. The only elements of strength in this Cabinet were Messrs. Martin and Cotton. The one is a Liberal with ideas almost radical; the other is a Conservative of the strongest convictions. Mr. Martin signalized his entrance into public life in British Columbia by introducing



HON. JAMES DUNSMUIR, THE PRESENT PREMIER WHO SUCCEEDED TO OFFICE IN JUNE.



HON. D. M. EBERTS, THE PRESENT ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

legislation of a much bolder type than any that had ever been attempted in this province. Chief amongst those novelties were the Alien Exclusion Bill and the Eight-Hour Law. Their fate is too well known to call for more than mention here. When they were introduced they were applauded by both sides of the House. Shortly after this began the series of mysterious actions with which Mr. Martin has been so freely charged. His private conduct was alleged to be grossly improper, and the Opposition press teemed with attacks upon the Attorney-General, but up to the present moment not a particle of evidence has been adduced to prove those charges. Then came the famous Rossland banquet, at which all present are alleged to have been too drunk to care much for the refinements of society, and when Mr. Martin referred to the assembled guests as "a gang of white-shirted hoboes." It has since been alleged that Mr. Martin was purposely baited and annoyed on that occasion until under the provocation he said a number of things he would not otherwise have uttered. Then came the dispute over the Deadman's Island Sawmill site in Vancouver Harbour, and the deadly feud between Messrs. Martin and Carter-Cotton. This was followed by the Government caucus at Victoria, at which Mr. Martin was formally expelled from the Cabinet and party. Then began the savage attacks upon the character of Mr. Martin which have been kept up almost incessantly ever since in the provincial press. The last session of the Semlin Government is without a parallel in the annals of the province. Depleted by the expulsion of Mr. Martin and still further weakened by the precarious and capricious support of one or two of its adherents, the Government faced the House with a majority of one, and that one was the Speaker, whose casting vote repeatedly saved the Government from defeat. Of course, strenuous protests were made against this prostitution of the constitution, but the Government held on with wonderful tenacity for nearly six weeks. In the meantime some most extraordinary scenes occurred on the floor of the House between Messrs.

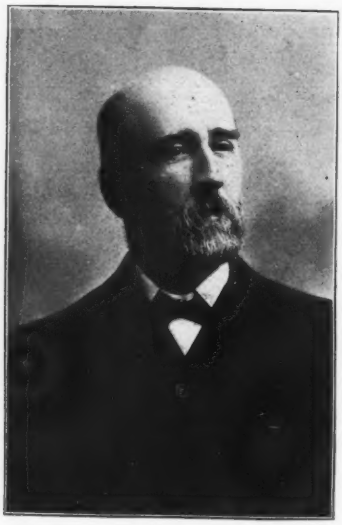


MR. RICHARD McBRIDE, PRESENT MINISTER OF MINES.

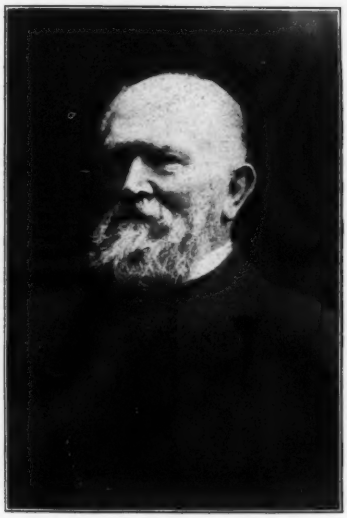


HON. W. C. WELLS, PRESENT MINISTER OF LAND AND WORKS.

Martin and Cotton. One day the latter dropped the word "career" in discussing the reasons which, as he said, had compelled Mr. Martin to leave Manitoba. Mr. Martin was upon his feet in a moment and then began a scene probably without a match in Canadian political history. After hurling the bitterest invectives and recriminations at Mr. Cotton, who was once the manager of large properties in Colorado, and who had subsequently an unfortunate misunderstanding with his partner in business in Vancouver, which resulted in Mr. Cotton going to gaol for a time, Mr. Martin presented a resolution calling for a committee of the House to investigate Mr. Cotton's past. This was carried, but the next day Mr. Cotton vindicated himself on the floor of the Legislature to the satisfaction of both sides of the Chamber. The closing hours of the session were full of excitement, and the splendid talents of Mr. Martin for organizing were well displayed. It was entirely due to his astute management that the Government were caught napping when the vote on the Redistribution Bill was called. The Government found itself defeated. That was on a Friday. The Lieutenant-Governor allowed the Premier until Tuesday to decide whether he should resign or ask for an appeal to the country. The Government did neither. In the interim they entered into negotiations with members of the Opposition to form a coalition. Premier Semlin informed His Honour on the following Monday night that he had succeeded in securing sufficient support to carry on the business of the country without difficulty. Next noon Lieutenant-Governor MacInnes dismissed the Semlin Ministry. For two days it was not known to the House who had been called upon to form a Ministry. Mr. Martin, after many bitter speeches had been made charging him with complicity in the alleged unconstitutional course adopted by His Honour, informed the House that he had been favoured with the confidence of His Honour. Prorogation took place next day. When His Honour arrived in the House with his brilliant retinue, all the members, as by concerted signal, rose



HON. F. CARTER-COTTON, EX-MINISTER OF FINANCE.



MR. CHARLES E. POOLEY, PRESENT MEMBER FOR ESQUIMALT.

from their seats and deserted the Chamber, leaving it absolutely empty. Immediately before the entry of the Lieutenant-Governor a resolution had been carried unanimously declaring want of confidence in Mr. Martin as Premier, and His Honour, with calmness and dignity, read his speech amidst a perfect hurricane of insulting calls from the crowded galleries, and took his departure. The members immediately rushed back tumultuously to their places and shortly afterwards dispersed.

The efforts of Mr. Martin to form a Cabinet are too fresh in the mind of the public to require mention. No man ever set out upon a task under more discouraging conditions than confronted Mr. Martin when he began his work of appealing to the electorate of British Columbia. And no man ever fought a braver fight than this lonely champion of an idea. He began by issuing a "platform" so admirably conceived and so complete in its scope as to win the admiration of his bitterest enemies. The main "plank" was the construction of a Government line of railway from the Gulf of Georgia to the mining camps of Rossland and the Boundary country, to run through the fertile valley of the Fraser, tap the great copper region of Similkameen and pass through the centre of the far-famed Okanagan. Almost equally prominent was the anti-Mongolian "plank," promising re-enactment of the Asiatic clauses in provincial legislation until Dominion and Imperial Governments were forced to attend to the case of British Columbia. Then he started out on his tour of the constituencies and spoke at over fifty meetings. Meantime the Opposition press, that is every newspaper in British Columbia with the exception of the Vancouver *Daily World*, opened its guns upon him in a perfect hurricane of vituperation and personal abuse. No charge was too vile to hurl against the Premier; misrepresentations of the worst description were made, and judged by those journals he was the epitome of all the demons. Mr. Martin never ceased to assure the people that he was fighting their battle against the corporations, against privilege, monopoly and unfairness, and never once throughout his campaign did he



HON. R. E. McKECHNIE, M.D., EX-PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL.



HON. ALEX. HENDERSON, A MEMBER OF SEMLIN MINISTRY.

descend to personalities. The whole campaign turned upon personal hatred of this man. Many who never even saw him were influenced by the prevailing outcry and came to believe that he was as black as he was painted. Only when they heard him on the public platform did they realize that there must be some dreadful mistake somewhere. It was most significant that not one of his opponents, even the most violent, ever dared to meet him face to face upon a public platform and prefer the charges which were boldly flung about when Mr. Martin was not present. The manner in which he gained friends throughout the country astonished every one. Wherever he spoke he made an excellent impression, and when he returned from his tour of the interior he was to be pardoned if he felt somewhat confident and elated at the prospects. It was the greatest political fight ever waged by any man in Canada. Mr. Martin believed he was right, and

"Because right is right to follow right,
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

Those who have closely studied Joseph Martin in all his moods and have encountered him in public and private business, are firmly convinced that he is an honest man. His defeat at the polls carries no disgrace with it. The people of British Columbia may yet rue bitterly what they did on the 9th of June, and come to see that Joseph Martin was the one clear-headed man fit to cope with the influences which are in a fair way to paralyze public energy in this province. But it is wrong to suggest that this defeat disposes of Joseph Martin. Far from it, although most men would accept that verdict as final, not so he. While there is life there is fight, and Mr. Martin is very much alive to-day. We are not out of the tangled web by any means. Messrs. Dunsmuir, Turner and Eberts have apparently a difficult task before them in their attempt to hold the House together for more than one session with such an array of talent against them as Joseph Martin, J. C. Brown, Smith Curtis, W. W. MacInnes, Charles Munro and the others who compose the ex-Premier's following in the House.

Mr. Martin's friends have always insisted that he is a man who keeps



HON. J. FRED. HUME, EX-MINISTER OF MINES.



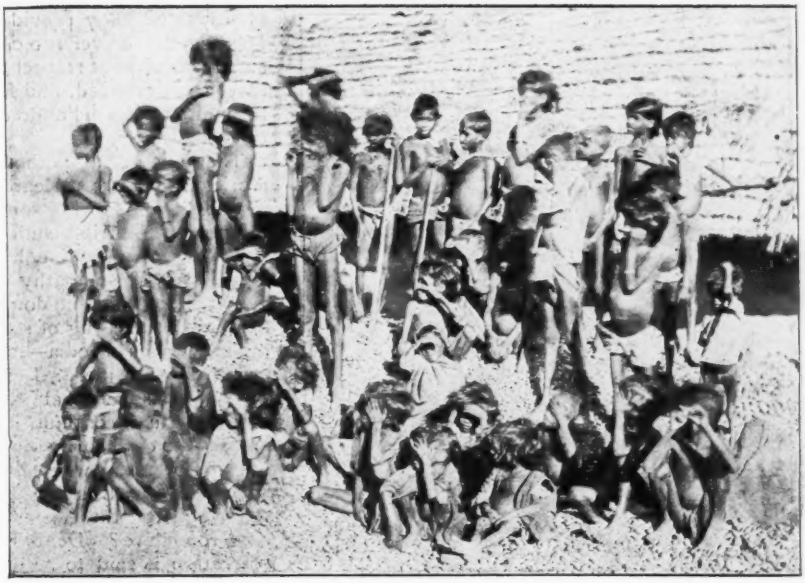
HON. SMITH CURTIS, A MEMBER OF THE MARTIN ADMINISTRATION.

his word. The extreme rarity of such an accomplishment in modern times has attracted the attention of Mr. Martin's enemies to the assertion, that if he were not sustained at the polls, or if he had to depend upon the support of the independents he would resign immediately. This, of course, was looked upon as a purely pie-crust promise, such as all honourable gentlemen make before election. It was unmercifully ridiculed, and quoted as an example of the utter recklessness of the man.

Within five days after the election Mr. Martin placed his resignation in the hands of Lieutenant-Governor McInnes, thereby silencing the sneering criticism of his foes and proving afresh to his friends that he is a man of his word. Lieutenant-Governor McInnes thereupon called in Mr. James Dunsmuir, the millionaire proprietor of the great collieries of Vancouver Island. The Premier soon formed an administration as follows: Premier and President of the Council, James Dunsmuir; Finance, ex-Premier John Herbert Turner; Attorney-General, David M. Eberts; Lands and Works, W. C. Wells; Mines, Richard MacBride; Provincial Secretary, J. D. Prentice.

Soon after the election a meeting of the members-elect was held in Vancouver, and a resolution was unanimously carried, calling upon the Dominion Government to dismiss Lieutenant Governor McInnes because his usefulness was gone. To the no small surprise of the convention, which was mainly Conservative, Sir Wilfrid Laurier responded to the appeal with alacrity. Lieutenant-Governor McInnes was requested to send in his resignation. This he stoutly refused to do, whereupon he was summarily dismissed, and Sir Henri Joly de Lotbinière was appointed his successor.

The Dunsmuir Ministry is to meet the House on the 19th of July, and they have the pledge of the convention that they are to be allowed to operate the government of the country for one session, the convention having promised its support for that length of time.



STARVING—PHOTO. TAKEN NEAR GOONA, CENTRAL INDIA, MAY, 1897.

THE SUFFERING IN INDIA.

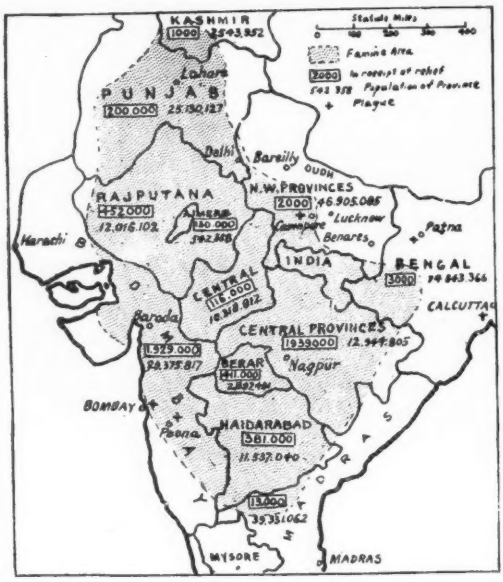
By Caroline Macklem.

THERE are few who are not aware of the terrible suffering every day witnesses among the poor natives of India. Slow death by starvation is a sad thing to contemplate, yet since October of last year many have had such scenes before them in India. The cause of these famines, we are told, is the partial or complete failure of the monsoon rains, upon which the farmers depend for the production of their crops. At the best times there is only a narrow margin which separates a certain proportion of the people from starvation, and a failure of the crops at once plunges them into distress. In the famine of 1896-7, two and a half million people died of starvation—a number exceeding half the population of Ireland. The present famine affects a much larger area than the last one did, and alas, the distress is on the increase.

At a meeting held in Calcutta, the Viceroy of India, Lord Curzon, said :—

"If any rich man in this city is in any doubt as to whether he should subscribe, I would gladly give him a railway ticket to a famine district, and take what he chose to give me on his return. He might go with a hard heart, but he would come back with a broken one. Nor need any poor man desist from offering his mite. A mite to him may be almost a fortune to the starving."

What was said in Calcutta may be echoed here and all over the world, for India is holding up empty hands to all who will hear her cry to-day. The Indian Government is doing its utmost to meet the wants of the sufferers, but as it only aims at merely saving life, much remains to be done by private charity. The missionaries are doubtless the best dispensers of charity. They are daily besieged by the piteous cries of the hungry and starving, and will carefully handle all money entrusted to them,



SHOWING THE EXTENT OF THE INDIAN FAMINE.

that they may the better be able to save more lives.

In the poor-houses near the large towns, the people are better provided for, but in other places they strike one as being more like beasts than human beings. Clothed with scanty rags, which cannot hide their emaciated limbs, the poor creatures fall at your feet craving for a little food. Experience has again and again shown that on the part of petty Hindu officials, the tendency is constantly to pass over outcasts in distributing relief. Some of the natives are absolutely unscrupulous and seek every device for giving short measure; they mix dirt and stones with the grains, and sometimes taking the money first, before anything is supplied, insist that no payment has been made, and so cruelly rob the people. Thankful indeed are the starving ones when an Englishman investigates their cases. It is here that the agency of the missionaries proves so valuable.

Our church papers tell us that the famine funds raised during the famines of 1877 and 1897 provided for the relief of over 100,000 sufferers, without respect to race, cast, or creed, and for the maintenance of hundreds of orphans.

The sad and pathetic stories that have appeared in our papers showing some thing of the terrible suffering caused by famine has awakened the sympathy of many, and Canada no doubt has had the blessing of saving many lives in India—but can we not save more? Lord Curzon tells us that the distress must continue for months, so our charity must not slumber. Can we realize the mental as well as physical suffering that these people have to endure? Death by starvation is said to be the most painful of all forms, the burning sensations and mental fantasies are described as horrible in the extreme. We know to what crimes and cruelties it has led distracted parents; everything seems to be forgotten, except the one great struggle for existence. Yet very little feeds these people—one dollar, it is said, will feed twenty for a day. Ah! how many dollars uselessly spent on unnecessary pleasures and luxuries, might have been the saving of many of these suffering people. Many have given most generously, many out of their hard-earned wages have sent their dollar and half-dollar—all has been counted and treasured and appreciated.

Those desiring to send help to the missionaries in India may do so through Miss Caroline Macklem, Sylvan Towers, Rosedale, Toronto.

Many are glad to send help, especially to the Leper famine fund, in which case this should be mentioned. These poor creatures, whose pitiable condition always appeals to the sympathetic, are doubly in need of our assistance this year.

THE MAPLE LEAF IN SOUTH AFRICA.

WITH SPECIAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

By a Canadian Officer.

THE gift of three thousand Canadians for service in South Africa, and another thousand for garrison duty in Canada, was no small military gift from a country with a permanent military establishment of less than one thousand. It was a true gift, however—free, timely and of sterling quality. Canada rejoices to have been able to make the gift. She rejoices that her soldiers have shown in South Africa that the Britishers of the colonies are the equals of the Britishers of the mother country—equals in pluck, equals in strength, equals in bravery, and equals in sagacity. The gift has endeared her to the Empire and the Empire's Queen, and raised Canada to a more important position than she had previously held in the eyes of the world.

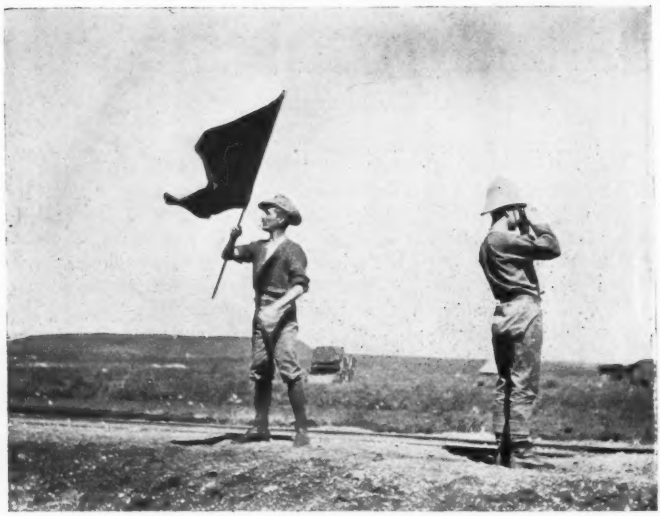
From December 9th to February 12th the thousand Royal Canadians, who comprised the first contingent, garrisoned the little depot at Belmont. The brick-coloured sand, the limestone veldt, and the paltry little village palled upon these impatient heroes as they performed routine duties and waited for the word. It was there, however, they learned to know their duties and themselves more intimately, and it was there they acquired much of the knowledge which was afterwards to make them famous as the heroes of Paardeburg.

During the last week in December they were joined by some Australians, and the whole garrison passed under the command of Colonel Pilcher. On January first came the Douglas raid, when they saw the first shot fired in earnest. A few days later A B and H Companies, under Major Pelletier, took part in a similar raid eastward. On Jan. 23rd there was a reconnaissance into the Tredear district by an Australian and Canadian force. This column did not return to Belmont for nearly a fortnight.

Early in February the Canadians heard they were to be ordered north. The lion's whelps were to be unleash-



R.C.R.I.—DISTRIBUTING THE QUEEN'S CHOCOLATE.



R.C.R.I.—SIGNALLING TO AN OUTPOST.

Roberts entered Bloemfontein, and the Canadians were not far behind. Two months of waiting and one month of fighting, and the thousand "boys" who went to South Africa on a sort of picnic trip were tried and trusted veterans. They and the other colonials taught the world that the citizen with militia training takes little drilling to make him the equal of any soldier of the line. They and the other colonials taught the world that colonial troops are more capable of acting coolly and judiciously in an emergency than those soldiers who have been trained into automatic machines. They taught the world that the development of individual intelligence does not mean a loss of bravery or courage.

ed. They were entered in the 9th Division, which consisted of two Brigades. One of these was the 19th, under Major-General Smith-Dorrien, consisting of the 2nd Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, the 2nd Shropshires, the 1st Gordon Highlanders, and the Canadians. On Feb. 12th they were inspected by Smith-Dorrien, and sent to Gras Pan. On the 18th they were at the Modder River, thirty miles east of Jacobsdaal. Two days later they received their greatest baptism of fire, having a score killed and three score wounded. For six days longer they held their ground with little to eat and less to drink, and then made the final rush an hour before Cronje surrendered. In this engagement they had 13 killed and 31 wounded. Paardeburg had been fought and won, and the Canadians had taken a heroic part in the tragedy.

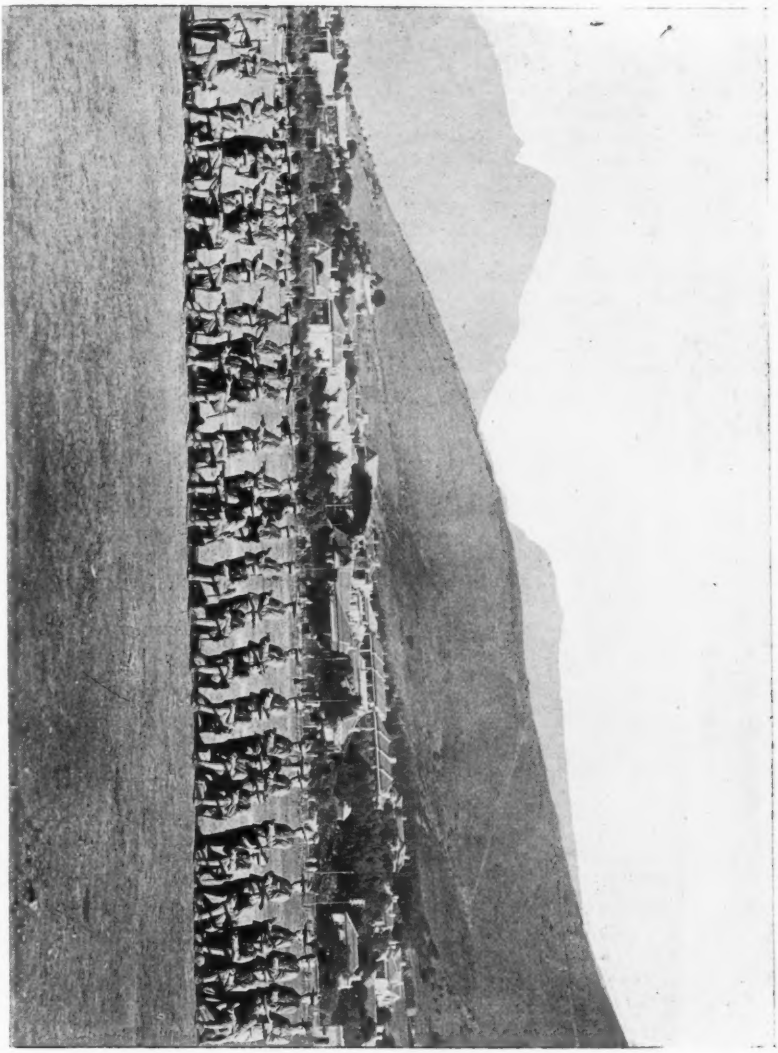
Worn and weary, emaciated by the lack of food, burning with fever brought on by impure water, ragged and unkempt, they set out for Bloemfontein with General Roberts. They acted as supports at Poplar Grove and took a slight part in the battle of Dreifontein on March 10th. Three days later

II.

What about the Mounted Rifles and the Artillery? The *Laurentian* landed the first portion of the Second Contingent at Capetown on February 17th, and eight days later the *Pomeranian* arrived.

Early in March D and E Batteries, under Colonel Drury, and the Canadian Mounted Rifles—such as had arrived—were sent up the railway to Victoria west, and were then marched west to Carnarvon, which they reached about the middle of the month. This town was used as a base from which to march into the Kenhardt district of Cape Colony, where rebel farmers had gathered in considerable force.

R.C.R.I.—EXTRA MEN SENT OUT TO FILL VACANCIES—GREEN POINT CAMP, CAPE TOWN, APRIL 26TH



R.C.R.I.—EXTRA MEN SENT OUT TO FILL VACANCIES—GREEN POINT CAMP, CAPE TOWN, APRIL 26TH

The column moved up to Van Wyk's Vlei, where it was detained some time owing to heavy rains. Here Gunner Bradley, the first of the Second Contingent to give up his life, died from pneumonia brought on by being nearly drowned while watering his horse. Early in April, the rebels having been dispersed, the column was back at Carnarvon. On the 8th it was ordered to march across country and report at De Aar. This it did on the 14th, and the whole of the Second Contingent was brought together for the first time, except C Battery, which had gone up the coast. A few days later the Mounted Rifles were sent on to Bloemfontein, and the Artillery left to do duty at the base.

The Mounted Rifles were glad to be ordered up to the front. At Bloemfontein they passed under the command of General Hutton, recently G.O.C. in Canada, and formed part of the mounted brigade which he so skilfully led to Pretoria. On May 3rd the mounted Canadians first came under under fire at Bisiebult, west of Brandfort. Next day they saw fighting at Constantia, and the next at the Vet River. Here Lieuts. Borden and Turner, with five men, swam the river to reconnoitre, and were credited with being the first British soldiers on the territory north of that stream. On the 12th A Squadron and the 17th Lancers were the first troops into Kroonstadt, where they met the other Canadians, who had, without horses, covered an almost equal distance and passed through nearly the same territory.

This march included a series of six engagements, and in every one the Canadian Mounted Rifles proved themselves efficient and reliable soldiers. Mr. Ewan, the *Globe* correspondent, accounts for the small number of casualties by the fact that our men under fire were not inclined to huddle together as British troops do. Their lack of drill discipline and their greater intelligence and self-reliance made them different from the British troops, and this very difference made their losses much less numerous.

Major Forrester, R.C.D., who went out with the First Contingent was with the Mounted Rifles in this march. Lieut.-Col. Evans was in command of the Westerners, owing to the necessity of Colonel Herchmer retiring to Capetown from Carnarvon. The latter was in hospital for a time at the base, but afterwards went to Kroonstadt to take command. General Hutton, however, preferred to keep Col. Evans in command, and Col. Herchmer was invalided home. It would seem that the latter's treatment has been ungenerous. The Canadian authorities, however, cannot be blamed if General Hutton chose to prefer a younger man to command troops which were intended for dashing and daring movements.

III.

We left the Royal Canadians at Bloemfontein. It was April 21st before they permanently moved out of their camp on Bloemfontein Common. They were then 637 strong. Three days later they assisted in the occupation of the Waterworks. The next day they formed the advance guard in the attack on Yster Nek, a strategic position in the maze of hills to the east. They were thus in the centre, and made the frontal attack. They performed their work well, but had one killed and several wounded. It was here that Col. Otter nearly lost his life. He was struck in the neck by a bullet which passed close to the jugular vein.

On the 26th the division moved on to Thabanchu, the R. C. R. I. under command of Col. Buchan. On the 30th they were a little to the north, and took part in the attack on Taba Mountain, an engagement which lasted nearly all day, and was continued on the next (May Day). Their losses here were two killed, one being a son of Lieut.-Col. Cotton, and six wounded.

On May 3rd the division started north, as one of the easterly columns of Roberts' general advance on Kroonstadt. On the 4th they were at the

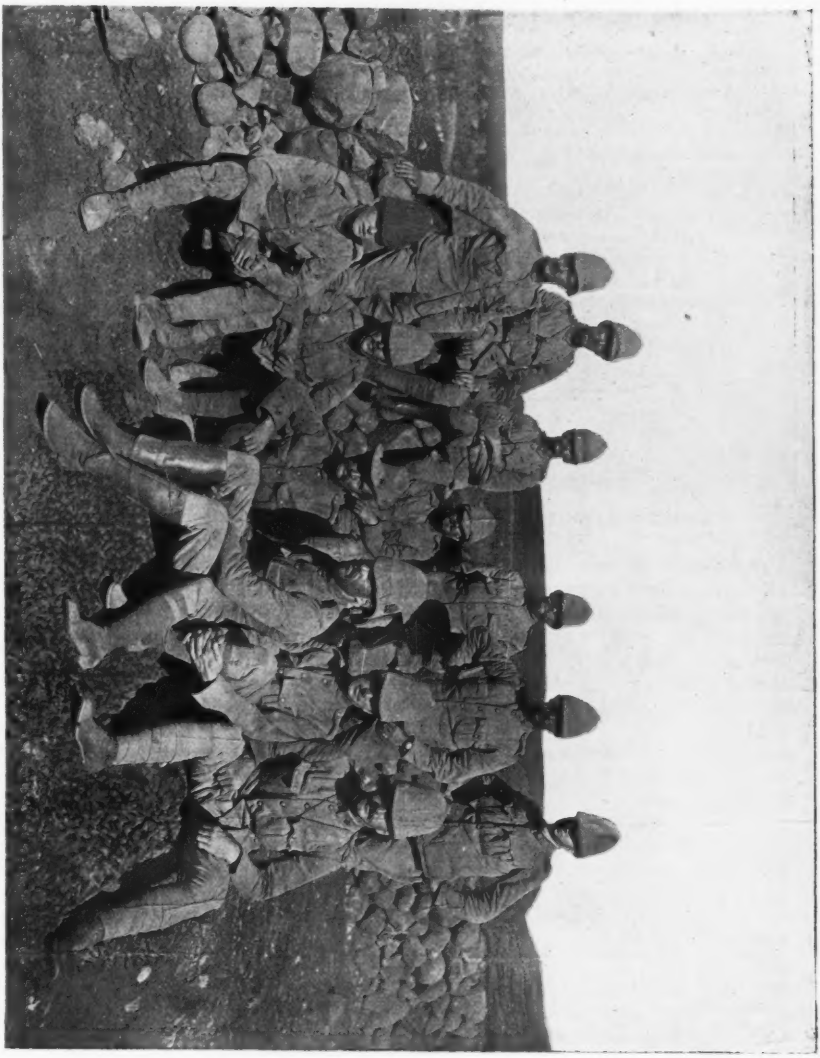


PHOTO. BY REINHOLD, THIELE & CO., LONDON, W.C.

R.C.R.I. R.M.C. GRADUATES AT BELMONT.



STRATHCONA'S HORSE—THE KITCHEN AT CAPE TOWN.

Vet River, and next day at Winberg. In thirteen days they had marched 100 miles and taken part in nine engagements. Here they were joined by the "draft," which had been following them. Here also they left sixty-nine men in Hospital, and the battalion was reorganized. On the 9th they advanced, and on the 10th again had serious fighting, losing one killed and three wounded. This is an indication of the work they were called upon to perform all the way to Kroonstadt and then on to Johannesburg. So arduous had been the task that when that city was taken they were sent to do garrison duty at Springs, a railway terminus just east of Johannesburg, in order that they might have time to recuperate. Even here their luck for fightind did not leave them, and they were obliged to withstand a heavy attack. Needless to say they "kept the flag flying."

IV.

To return to the artillery. When C Battery, under Major Hudon, arrived at Cape Town it was at once sent on up the coast to Beira, and attached to the garrison at Marandellas camp, in Mashonaland. On May 5th it left there, and went by train to Buluwayo, some three hundred miles. The next day it again proceeded by train, and on the 12th reached Ootsi. Three days later it had marched the seventy miles separating it from Col. Plumer's camp, and was ready for action. The next day, after twenty-four hours' rest, it took part in the four hours' battle before Mafeking and marched twenty-five miles with the relief column, entering Mafeking on May 17th.

This battery received praise from Lord Roberts for its speed, and acquitted itself well in its first engagement. From Mafeking it was in the advance east to Pretoria. After a month's hard work it was reported at Rustfontein just west of Pretoria, where the first battalion C.M.R. was then on duty.

D and E Batteries, under Col. Drury, were for a long time on the line of communications about De Aar. On May 16th, the day C Battery was engaged before Mafeking, E Battery was leaving Belmont for Douglas, forming part of Sir Charles Warren's punitive column marching into Griqualand. Major Ogilvie was in command of this battery. On Warren's staff were also Lieut.-Col. Hughes, Brigadier of one of the two columns, Surgeon-Major Worthington, Vet.-Major Massie, Capt. Mackie, of Warren's Scouts, and Capt. Duffus, A.S.C.—all Canadians. This column saw considerable action. On May 21st it

entered Douglas after some sharp skirmishing. On the 30th it was attacked at Fabersput and lost twenty-two killed and thirty-eight wounded. Col. Spence, of the D.E.O.V.R., was killed. Only one Canadian artilleryman lost his life. On June 5th the column had reached Campbell, and on the 10th Griquatown.

D Battery has been less fortunate in seeing actual fighting, as it remained inactive until the first of July, when it was sent up to assist in the movements east of Bloemfontein. Colonel Drury, commandant of the artillary, and Capt. Thacker, the Adjutant, have been unfortunate in not being present in any engagement. It is difficult to understand why such a clever artillery officer as Colonel Drury should be left idle.



STRATHCONA'S HORSE AT CAPE TOWN.

V.

Strathcona's Horse was the last Canadian contribution to arrive at Capetown. For some time it was in camp at Green Point, where the other Canadians had been at earlier dates. Then it was sent up to Durban to join General Bul-



STRATHCONA'S HORSE—THE "POM-POM."

ler. It went up the railway and joined the advance upon Laing's Nek. It did not come into the fighting line until about the 1st of July, near Watervaal in the Transvaal. In its first engagement it had one man killed and two missing. On the 5th and 7th it was again subjected to slight losses, but so far has given an excellent account of itself.

The Mounted Rifles have been separated. The First Battalion has remained with General Hutton and shared in the advance past Johannesburg and Pretoria. On June 18th, at Rustfontein, just east of Pretoria, it captured two Boer 12-pounders. On July 7th it was in action near Bronkhorst Spruit, and Capt. Nelles was wounded.

The Second Battalion C. M. R. was on duty at Kroonstadt for some time. Here a small party distinguished itself by marching some distance into the country and capturing General Olivier and a son of General Botha. They were found in a farmhouse which was surrounded in the night. Later this Battalion was doing duty along the railway lines in the northern part of the Orange River Colony.

This necessarily incomplete account of "The Maple Leaf in South Africa" may fittingly be closed with Lord Roberts' latest despatch to His Excellency Lord Minto concerning the Mounted Rifles :—

"Pretoria, July 6, 1900.—I have much pleasure in bringing to your Excellency's notice the good work done by the First and Second Battalion Canadian Mounted Rifles, who have been repeatedly conspicuous for their gallant conduct and soldierlike instincts.

"During the attack by the Boers on Katbosch, on the 22nd June, a small party of Pincher's Creek men of the 2nd Battalion displayed the greatest gallantry and devotion to duty, holding in check a force of Boers by whom they were largely outnumbered.

"Corporal Morden and Private Kerr continued fighting till mortally wounded. Lance-Corporal Miles and Private Miles, wounded, continued to fire, and held their ground.

"On June 18 a party of 1st Battalion, under Lieut. Young, when operating with a force under General Hutton to the northwest of Pretoria, succeeded in capturing two of the enemy's guns and brought in a herd of cattle and several prisoners without losing a man."

(Signed) "ROBERTS."

IN TIME OF WAR.

FOR those who went, for country and for right,
To brave the battle, and to face the fight,
And keep the flag triumphant in her might,
Lord, we beseech Thee.

For those who fall upon the shadeless plain,
Who suffer wounds and agony of pain,
And pray for strength to join the fight again,
Lord, we beseech Thee.

For those who watch, alone and sick at heart ;
Who gave their best, and smiling bear the smart ;
Who play the lesser, but the harder part,
Lord, we beseech Thee.

For those who lie within a soldier's grave,
The Empire's sons, the valiant and the brave
Who gave their lives, the Empire's life to save,
Good Lord, we praise Thee.

Kathleen Kirchhoffer.



KIMBERLEY—SHRAPNEL HOTEL.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE BOER WAR.

By Norman Patterson.

LAST September it began to look as if there would be serious trouble in South Africa. Special Cabinet councils were held in London to consider the unsatisfactory replies made by President Kruger to the representations of the British Government that something must be done to remove Uitlander grievances. Troops began to be despatched to augment the forces in South Africa, the British Government being animated by the patriotic spirit which rings through Tennyson's last Ode to the Queen :

> The loyal to their Crown
> Are loyal to their own far sons, who love
> Our Ocean Empire with her boundless homes,
> For ever broadening England and her Throne
> In our vast Orient, and one isle, one isle
> That knows not her own greatness.

Early in October came the Boer ultimatum, the despatch of an army corps and Sir Redvers Buller to South Africa, and the advance of Transvaalers and Free Staters into western Cape Colony and Natal. The war to decide between the British and the Afrikanders in South Africa was on in earnest. A special war session of the British Parliament was opened on October 17th, three days after General Buller had embarked on the *Dunottar Castle* at Southampton.

The first serious fighting took place in northern Natal near Glencoe and Newcastle. The Boers appeared in strength and endeavoured to get in between the forces at Ladysmith and those farther north. On October 20th there was stiff fighting around Glencoe and Dundee, marked by the death of General Sir William Penn Symons, commander of the Natal forces. The following day Sir George White issued out of Ladysmith and ably assisted by Major-General French stopped the Boer advance by a hard won victory at Elandslaagte. Four days later White again fought at Rietfontein in order to cover General Yule's retirement from Glencoe. The junction of



KIMBERLEY—SANDBAGS FORMING A SHELTER FROM WHICH TO REPEL ATTACKS UPON THE RESERVOIR.

the two forces was effected after a memorable march by General Yule's army, and 12,000 British troops were concentrated at Ladysmith. The whole of northern Natal was thus left to the Boers and Free Staters who, to the number of 15,000, had crossed the passes with the intention of driving the British into Durban. On October 30th, White endeavoured to attack the enemy, but lost the Royal Irish Fusiliers, the Gloucester Regiment and No. 10 Mountain Battery, owing to the cutting out of the mules with the ammunition waggons.

In the meantime the Boers were advancing in the west, and Kimberley and Mafeking were besieged. From this time forward, the three border garrisons were isolated and the great interest in the early weeks of the war centred in the possibility of relief.

On November 12th, a British armoured train moved out from Estcourt south of Ladysmith and was attacked and destroyed between Frere and Chieveley, showing that the Boer forces were penetrating south towards the Tugela. Major-General Hilyard found it necessary to defend Estcourt from an attack.

On the 23rd, in the west, Lord Methuen, who had accompanied Sir Redvers Buller to Capetown, met the Boers at Belmont where Colonel Gough had been holding them in check. The British lost over 200 killed and wounded, not having learned that frontal attacks are foolish in fighting a mobile force armed with long range rifles and assisted by modern artillery. Two days later the Boers again endeavoured to check Methuen at Gras Pan, again inflicting much loss on the victorious British. On the 28th, Methuen crossed the Modder River in the face of strong opposition and found himself within a few miles of beleaguered Kimberley. His loss on this occasion was, four officers and sixty-eight men killed, nineteen officers and 396 men wounded—an almost indefensible casualty list.



BLOEMFONTEIN COMMON—WATER-CARTS BEING FILLED.



BLOEMFONTEIN—BURYING SIX MEN WHO DIED OF DYSENTERY.



TORONTO—CELEBRATION OF THE CAPTURE OF JOHANNESBURG AND PRETORIA, MAY 30TH.

December opened with Gatacre's defeat at Stormberg, where instead of surprising the enemy he was himself surprised, and lost nearly 700 men and two guns. The Northumberland Fusiliers and the Royal Irish Rifles were the unfortunate battalions. Scarcely had the British public recovered from this sharp surprise, when word came that Lord Methuen had been defeated in an attack on the Boers at Maagersfontein, the Highland Brigade being badly cut up and General Wauchope killed. This was one of the most serious disasters of the war, the casualties in the Highland Brigade alone numbering 650. Two or three days later, General Buller, who had gone to Natal to personally lead a relief expedition to Ladysmith, was defeated at the Tugela with heavy loss.

London was dazed.

The British Government acted promptly in the emergency. On December 16th, the day after Buller's defeat, the Cabinet met and decided to appoint Lord Roberts commander-in-chief in South Africa, with Lord Kitchener chief of staff. On December 27th, the same steamer that had carried Sir Redvers Buller to Cape Town, sailed from Gibraltar with Roberts and Kitchener aboard. In the meantime troops were sent from Great Britain in large numbers.

Duke's son—
cook's son—
son of a hundred kings—
Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay.

The leading colonies were sending contingents, amounting in all to about 6,000 men, all the reserves were called out in Great Britain, 10,000 yeoman cavalry were ordered to be enrolled, and sixty volunteer rifle corps were asked to contribute six officers and 110 men each.

Thus the year closed in gloom after two and a half months of disastrous campaigning. The Boers had lost perhaps 2,000 men, while the British losses totalled over 7,000. At first it was thought that 100,000 "Tommies," commanded by the darlings of British society would be ample to defeat the 70,000 uncultured Boers; but when Winston Churchill escaped from Pretoria he hastened to tell the British people that 250,000 men would be required, and the nation heard and believed him. The men were sent. It was a stupendous contract, but the Empire never faltered. About the same time, Secretary Wyndham announced in the House of Commons that the army would be democratized.

January was another dark month. On the first day of the year the Canadians and Australians distinguished themselves at Douglas, and there were similar isolated successes throughout the month. On the 6th, however, seventy men and seven officers of the



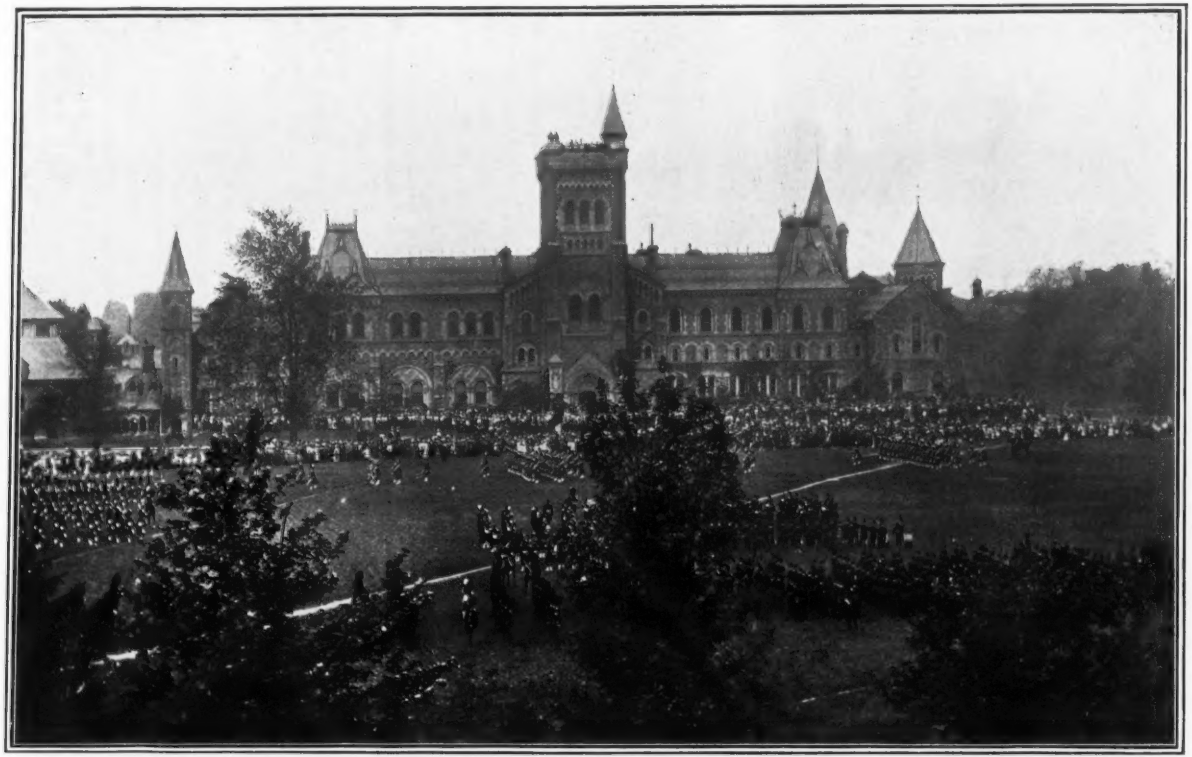
ANOTHER CELEBRATION SCENE AT TORONTO.

First Suffolks were taken prisoners near Colesburg. On the 10th, Roberts and Kitchener arrived at Cape Town, and next day Buller again started a forward movement on Ladysmith. His progress was slow and doubtful until the 20th, when Sir Chas. Warren moved upon Spion Kop. This the British took on the 23rd and abandoned the second day after. All the British forces were then withdrawn beyond the Tugela and Sir George White was left to defend himself as best he could. Lack of equipment, lack of cavalry and ignorance among his officers prevented Buller from being entitled to the honours which the British public denies to men who do not win.

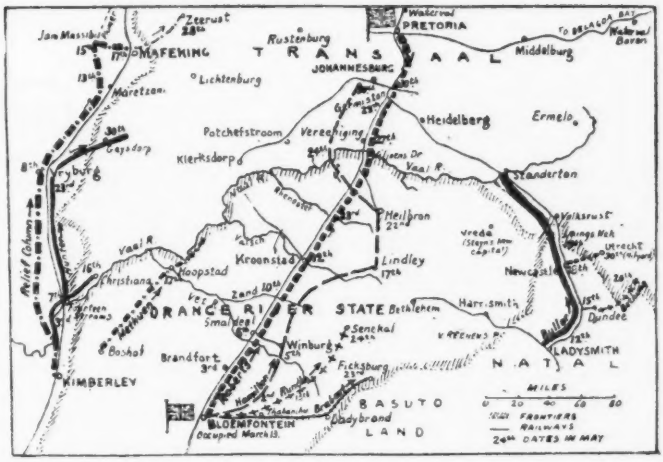
And here the dark chapter of this war closes. The British had to learn that soldiers of the line, who were once most useful, are not invincible under more modern conditions. Foot soldiers are almost useless against a mounted army like the Boers unless aided by strong bodies of cavalry and mounted infantry for flanking purposes. The British had also to learn that Aldershot methods are out of date and that the wearing of a handsome sword and a glittering uniform is not the only attribute of a clever officer. They had to learn that when an officer departs from Aldershot to fight battles he must leave his sword and again press his wits into service. He must learn to meet tactics with tactics, subterfuge with subterfuge, wile with wile, and that eternal vigilance is the price of victory. It required three and a half months of constant reverse to teach the British these things, but in the name of our brave colonials we may thank heaven that the Aldershot men finally learned the lesson. When Lord Roberts arrived at the Modder River on February 10th he inaugurated the new era of common-sense fighting. Behind him stood the iron-nerved hero of Omdurman who had never rested his hopes on anything but common sense.

II.

When Lord Roberts organized that famous three weeks' work, which included the relief of Kimberley, the capture of Cronje's 4,000 soldiers at Paardeburg, and the entry into Bloemfontein on March 15th, he had under him in South Africa somewhere about 230,000 men and 500 guns. Great Britain had sent against the Boer the mightiest army that had ever gone forth to fight under the Union Jack—an army worthy of the shrewd foes against whom it was sent. Fully 250,000 men were enrolled, and allowing for the killed, captured, wounded and disabled, Roberts had nearly 230,000 for his immediate purposes. About 130,000 of these were absent from his side—some with Buller in Natal, some with Gatacre in central Cape Colony, and



REVIEW OF TROOPS BEFORE THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL ON THE UNIVERSITY LAWN, TORONTO, ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY
THE 48TH HIGHLANDERS MARCHING PAST. THE QUEEN'S OWN AND ROYAL GRENADIERS IN THE FOREGROUND.



SHOWING ADVANCE ON PRETORIA—THE DATES ARE FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

many scattered along the various lines of communications. With 100,000 men available at Modder River that second week in February he fought several battles and performed a march which must ever rank with his famous march to Kandahar. On that cruel ride, no less than 10,000 horses were done to death, and many a regiment of infantry went into Bloemfontein at not more than one half its strength. But what matter? Methuen had been defeated in the west at Maagersfontein, Gatacre had been repulsed in the centre and Buller had been fought to a standstill at Colenso. British military reputation was at stake. The world was weighing the Empire in the balance. "Little Bobs" threw his mighty weight on the British side of the balance and Cronje and Bloemfontein captured taught the world that the Briton can still fight, that the lion and his whelps are still invincible. What matter if it cost us innumerable horses and men? We had gone so far that we dare not turn back. We were forced to fight, so we fought; and—we won. Not only did Roberts win his way to Bloemfontein, but he forced the Federals to withdraw part of their forces from Natal so that the persistent Buller was able to force his way to the relief of Ladysmith.

At Mr. Steyn's abandoned capital city Lord Roberts halted. He needed thousands of fresh horses and thousands of tons of ammunition and supplies before he attempted the march to Pretoria. His men required a period of rest after so wonderful an effort. Preparations for a move northward must be full and ample. These preparations were necessarily slow since Lord Roberts was 450 miles from Port Elizabeth, and 750 miles from Cape Town.

While Lord Roberts waited, the Boers showed fairly good strategy. This was unusual, too, for while their tactics on the battlefield had been excellent, their strategy had been lamentably weak. They had let Yule lead his troops back to safety; they had refrained from invading Cape Colony until it was too late and they had held Methuen in check when they might have bottled him up in Kimberley with Kekewich. Their new strategy led them to occupy the difficult hill-country to the east and south of Bloemfontein instead of concentrating at Kroonstadt to the north. Thus they held Roberts in fear of his long line of communications, kept some heart in the Free Staters and the disaffected Cape Colonists. Here was unexpected wisdom.

On March 30th, the 7th Division, under General Tucker, with some cavalry and guns, met 3,000 Boers at Karee, just north of Bloemfontein. The Boers were strongly entrenched in a

line of wooded hills, but they were outflanked and forced to retire with considerable loss.

Away to the south-east General Olivier was retiring from Colesburg with 4,000 men, eighteen guns and 800 waggons. He was in danger of being cut off by the advance of the British from Bloemfontein towards the Basutoland border. General French was sent east to intercept him, but the mighty commander of cavalry had only exhausted horses and he failed. Olivier reached Ladybrand and was joined by Grobler and Lemmer and the whole force passed under the command of General de Wet. That general is still in command of that force and that is over three months ago.

On the night of March 31st a British force under Colonel Broadwood encamped at the Bloemfontein waterworks, twenty-five miles east of the captured city. Two miles away was a deep gully known as Koorn Spruit. In the depth of the night, a daring Boer commander led a force past the British and took possession of the gully which lay in Broadwood's line of march. How the Boers knew this is a question to be settled in the future. In the morning the British moved carelessly into that gully. The mules and horses were shot down. Seven guns, eighty waggons and all the baggage fell into the hand of the Boers. The British lost 450 in killed, wounded and missing. The greater part of the force extricated itself, but Koorn Spruit was a disaster. One squadron of the 6th Dragoons fought so bravely that out of 140 who went into the fight only ten answered their names at roll call.

On April 4th General Gatacre made his last mistake, and he is now recruiting his health in England. Six hundred men of the Irish Rifles and the 9th Mounted Infantry were at Reddersberg, thirty-five miles from Roberts' headquarters. They had no artillery —fatal error—and when they were attacked by General de Wet and 5,000 Boers they surrendered after twenty-one hours' hard fighting. Reddersberg added to Stormberg sent one British general back home. British generals must win.

Lord Methuen about this time had some success at Boshof, west and north of Bloemfontein.

Colonel Dalgety stood a severe siege at Weppener, sixty-five miles south-east of Blomfontein, but he held his ground with his Cape Mounted Rifles and eight guns.

On March 27th Joubert had died, but the Boers were successful at Koorn Spruit and Reddersberg, while Olivier broke through to Ladybrand. Joubert and Cronje were gone, but the Boer war did not end.

III.

However, Lord Roberts had not waited in vain. All difficulties in the way of accumulating supplies and training fresh horses were surmounted, and he was ready to strike another blow. Dalgety was still besieged at Weppener, and the Boers were still in force in the south-east of the Orange Free State. It was necessary to clear that district. Rundle was sent by way of Reddersberg, Brabant came north from Rouxville, French and Ian Hamilton moved towards Ladybrand. The Boers were menaced by three converging columns, some 25,000 in strength. On April 25th Brabant cleared the Boers from before Weppener, Hamilton chased a commando at Israel's Poort, while French kept Botha and de Wet moving. Then there was a race for Ladybrand, and the swift Boer army won. But the southern part of the Free State was cleared and Roberts was ready to go north.

Then there was a two weeks' march —another memorable feat—and Roberts had covered 120 miles from Bloemfontein and entered Kroonstadt. With Hutton's Colonial Brigade and French's cavalry he doubled up every Boer position and caused the allies to retreat hastily day after day. Having once put the pressure on at the Vet River, he never relaxed until he reached Kroonstadt on May 12th. He was at

Brandfort on May 3rd, crossed the Vet next day, seized Winberg the next, Smaldeel the next; on the 10th he crossed the Zand River, and two days later he was at his destination. President Steyn retreated to Heilbron, and in a few days the Orange Free State became the Orange River Colony.

Lord Roberts had solved the problem of how to beat the Boers. Perhaps Kitchener taught him part of it on that long sea voyage from Gibraltar to Capetown with every day spent in perfecting plans. But that is not likely. Bobs found it out himself, and if he lives long enough he will tell us how. This is the method: make no frontal attack, but go round the other way. That requires mounted men, and Roberts supplied himself with them in abundance.

At the head of the mounted men were two great fighters, Hutton and French. Of the latter a writer says well and truly:

"And in every move General French has served splendidly as the eye of the army, and the long right arm sent ahead to feel the way and strike swift blows. He led the relief of Kimberley; he headed Cronje's men off like a herd of stampeding cattle at Paardeberg, and made his capture possible; he commanded at Dreifontein, and was first into Bloemfontein. He won Elandslaagte with his guns and cavalry, and out-Boered the Boers with his mounted infantry at Colesberg. He is the smartest cavalry leader of the day, as cavalry is now mostly used—not for charging purposes, but as the more swiftly-marching part of an army. He has been to Roberts what Stonewall Jackson was to Lee, or Skobeloff to the Russian army in 1877-78."

While French and Hutton led, the infantry followed on those terrible marches. Let Conan Doyle describe the brigade which so many Canadians have followed from Belmont to Johannesburg:

"It was only General Smith-Dorrien's Brigade, but if it could have been passed just as it was down Piccadilly, it would have driven London crazy.

"I watched them—ragged, bearded, fierce-eyed infantry—struggling along under a cloud of dust. Who could have conceived, who had seen the prim soldier in time of peace, that he could so quickly transform himself into this grim, virile barbarian?

"Bull-dog faces, hawk faces, hungry wolf faces, every sort of face except a weak one. Here and there a man smoking a pipe, here and there a man who smiled; but most have swarthy faces and lean a little forward with eyes steadfast and features impassive but resolute.

"Here is a clump of Highlanders with workmanlike aprons in front and keen faces burnt black with months on the veldt; and the honoured name they bear is on their shoulder-straps.

"'Good old Gordons,' I cried, as they passed me. A sergeant glanced at dirty enthusiasm in an undershirt. 'What cheer, matey?' he cried, and the men squared their shoulders and put a touch of ginger into the stride.

"Here is a clump of Mounted Infantry, a grizzled fellow like a fierce old eagle at the head of them. Some are maned like lions, some have young, keen faces, but all leave an impression of familiarity upon me; yet I have not seen Irregular British Cavalry before.

"Why should it be so familiar to me, this loose-limbed, head-erect, swaggering type? Of course! I have seen it in an American cowboy over and over again. Strange that a few months on the veldt should have produced exactly the same man as springs from the Western prairie!

"But these men are warriors amid war. Their eyes are hard and quick. They have a gaunt, intent look, like men who live always under a show of danger.

"Here and there are other men again, taller and steadier than the infantry line, grim, solid men, straight as poplars. There is a maple-leaf, I think, upon their shoulder-straps, and the British Brigade are glad enough to have those maple leaves beside them, for the Canadians are the men of Paardeberg.

"And there, behind their comrades in glory, come the Shropshire Light Infantry, slinging along with much spirit after their grand sporting colonel."

Lord Roberts did not rest long at Kroonstadt. During the few days he was there, other things happened. When the Chief rode into Kroonstadt, Buller rode out of Ladysmith and began the advance for which he had been preparing. Three days later he was at Dundee, and in three days more at Newcastle. Next day his advance guard saw the Boers disappear from Natal. Of course, he had fighting to do in the mountains, but he did it well—much better than when he was fighting a confident enemy at the Tugela. That was in the east. To the west of the main line of advance Methuen pressed forward from Boshof to the Vaal River via Christiana and Hoopstad. General Hunter left Four-

teen Streams and pressed north to Vryburg along the railway which runs to Mafeking. Colonel Mahon, still farther west, flew along to the relief of Mafeking, and the little garrison was relieved on May 17th, one day before Roberts had promised to accomplish the feat.

While these four columns had been doing lively work, Lord Roberts was pressing the allies around Kroonstadt, Lindley and Heilbron. On the 23rd he crossed the Rhenoster River, and three days later the Vaal, the main force crossing at Vereeniging on the 27th. On the 28th Roberts was at the Clip River, and on the last day of the month in Johannesburg.

On that day at Lindley, in the Orange River Colony, the 13th Battalion of Imperial Yeomanry was surrounded and captured, showing that the Free Staters were still capable of striking a blow. Sir Henry Colvile, between Ventersburg and Heilbron, had also considerable fighting, and farther west Rundle's advance was steadly opposed.

In spite of these things, and his sixty-seven years, the indefatigable Roberts started for Pretoria. On the 4th of June he had a stiff fight with the enemy, and next day he entered their chief city. He had taken a victorious army from Bloemfontein to Pretoria, nearly three hundred miles, in thirty-four days, opposed every day by a wily and elusive enemy. This is a performance which is unsurpassed in military history, and one of which the grand old General may feel proud.

The Boer forces made for the mountains in the north-eastern Transvaal, from which they can be dislodged only by months of hard work. The two chief towns of the Transvaal, all the important railway lines and the valuable mining regions are now in the possession of the British. The end of the war is near—but how near nobody knows.

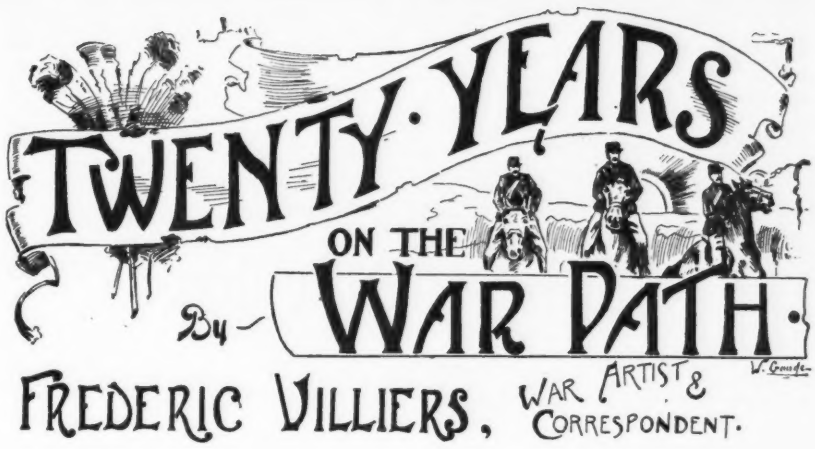
RECOGNITION.

MY heart at thy feet was blindly laid
Aeons ago, in a far-off world,
Where pleasure has no base alloy,
Where all is peace, and love, and joy,
And the flowers never fade.

But we left that world so far away,
Sweetheart, both you and I;
For all must learn—'tis best they say—
To suffer, and grieve, and die.

We lost each other, and then forgot,
And we knew not what we wished;
Till I found you this day in a lovely spot
And remembered the other life long ago
That far-off life which we both know;
And a promise is sealed which binds me so
To the life I so long have missed.

Augusta Helen Thompson.



X.—DONGOLA.

WHAT impressed me more than anything else in my resolve to share the fortunes of the British Army, the object of which was the relief of General Gordon in 1884, was an article which I read in one of the daily papers. In this remarkable article was a description of the palace of the Mudir of Dongola. The oriental splendour depicted in the account written by the author of this article was not excelled even by the best stories from the "Arabian Nights."

The Mudir, according to it, was the oriental potentate of one's boyhood conception, attired in turban and Turkish trousers with scimitar by his side. His throne was a Turkish carpet of rare beauty, on which he lounged supported by soft cushions of Broussa silk. Damacine lamps, burning fragrant oil, hung from the lofty Moorish ceiling and diffused a soft light on the swarthy faces of his courtiers, who prostrated themselves before their ruler. A screen of the finest Musharabe, or lattice work, divided the divan from the harem, and soft laughter, low beating of the tom-tom, and scraping of a stringed instrument, resembling the fiddle in its worst mood, told the western visitor that the stern-featured Mudir had a soft place somewhere beside the cushion of Broussa silk on which he was seated. This was more or less the tone of the article I read, and I resolved that I must see that Mudir, and, if possible, penetrate into his harem.

There must also have been a spirit of adventure about this daring correspondent, for no person was allowed outside the British outposts; and he must have given the sentries the slip and have crossed a weary stretch of desert, and have suffered much hardship for many days before reaching his goal.

A Frenchman, M. Oliver Pain, had already snapped his fingers at the British authorities, and had plunged into the sandy waste for the purpose of joining the Mahdi. I read that article over and over again, and longed to follow in the footsteps of the author of it. At last the time came. I hurried to Cairo. A few hours in the city of lattice work and I made my way to Asiout. Here I found that Lord Wolseley was about leaving the next morning by steamer for Wady Halfa. I waited up all night, not knowing when the special train with the Commander-in-Chief would arrive. When, at an early hour, it steamed into Asiout, I asked the General's permission to join his party.

This was speedily granted, and in an hour I was steaming up the Nile in the direction of Dongola. What a

charming journey it was! We took in all the wonderful temples during the day, and when we anchored in the evening we were entertained in quaint Arab fashion by the elders of the nearest village.

We gazed on the lilac sunset, the yellow moonlight—the stars hanging like clusters of gems in mid air, so clear was the atmosphere—and then came the ruddy dawn. The chocolate-brown waters reflecting the cobalt blue sky, the sand dunes, the palm trees, the quaint mud villages with their blue-gowned inhabitants, all made the voyage delightfully interesting and picturesque.

At last the first cataract was reached, and Philæ was visited while our steamer braved the rapids and arrived safely in the calm waters beyond. When we were once more aboard, steaming up the Nile to Korosko, where poor Gordon abandoned his last touch with the outer world and pressed on into the desert for Abu Hamed, Berber and Khartoum, never to return. Wady Halfa reached, the General came to a halt for a time, and waited for the whale-boats which had been made in England; and here the Camel Corps was formed. Camels were bought, and Tommy Atkins made his acquaintance with the ship of the desert. Tommy took to the awkward beast with great good will, and a fine serviceable force the Camel Corps became, thanks to the energy of that smart British officer, who went under the *sobriquet* of "Curly Hutton," now Major-General Hutton, in command of the Colonial brigade in South Africa. I met him not long ago in Australia, and he hardly looked a day older than when, fourteen years ago, one memorable morning, I sketched him capturing one of the enemy's guns in the trenches of Tel-el-Kebir.

When the boats at last arrived they were collected and portaged round the second cataract, and an advance on Dongola by land and water was made.

What a quaint fleet that was as it stood out in full sail from the Sarass levée, the Camel Corps cheering from the shore as the Canadian *voyageurs* steered their English brethren safely past the porphyry rocks which looked like huge black teeth in the dead white sand on either side of the narrow pass that enters the Sarass basin.

I purchased a camel at Wady Halfa, and after being instructed in the mysteries of mounting and dismounting, in a short time I became fairly accustomed to the novelty of camel-riding, which has a peculiarity all its own. Unlike a horse, mule, donkey, or even elephant, you can never make a pet of a camel; you never seem to advance in his good graces, however well you may treat him. Young, old, or middle-aged, he has always the same evenly-balanced temperament, neither vicious or sweet, but a normal state of I-don't-care-two-straws-about-anything-in-particular demeanour. He is certainly unpleasant to ride; his breath is odoriferous, and he has calm and doe-like eyes, with a mournful, tearful expression about them, which rather excites one's sympathy for the beast; but this feeling is soon dispelled when the brute grouses, and this he will do on the slightest provocation. I suppose this word grouse, which is applied to the language of the camel, emanates from the word "grouze" (origin obscure), to devour noisily, that one sees in the dictionary; and yet the word grouser (origin unknown) which should apply to a grousing camel, means quite a different thing—a temporary pile, or iron-shod stake stuck in the river.

But the camel and everything concerning him is peculiar. This noise, which is called grousing, does not occur only while he is eating, but at all times, early or late. It comes gurgling from its funnel neck, sometimes resembling the bray of an ass; eventually it rises to the dignity of the roar of a lion, with the bleating of a goat thrown in, and will as quickly change to the solemnity of a church organ. It is so peculiar a noise that no pen can properly describe it; only a phonograph could do adequate justice to it. When the camel is about to start on a long journey and one is about to load him

he will grouse vociferously. When the day's work is done and you relieve the beast of his burden, he will grouse. If you strike him he grouses, or on patting his neck gently he will grouse. If you offer him something to eat or twist his tail he makes the same peculiar noise. No doubt the camel's vocabulary is a scant one, and he is compelled to express all his varied sensations in this simple but unsatisfactory manner. With this, to me, novel animal, I joined the company of the Camel Corps under Captain Pigott, and started across the desert.

Pigott was known to his men by the *sobriquet* of "Bloody Pigott;" for though a man of a mild-looking exterior—in fact, his face was almost effeminate in appearance, pale and hairless, with delicate features, thin lips, and pale grey eyes—there was a devilish recklessness in him which made both friend and foe have a wholesome respect for him. A common thing in a fight was to see Pigott engage a Fuzzy-Wuzzy in single combat, like the brigands of the romantic drama; and on one occasion, ever memorable to a small audience of Mr. Atkins, who held aloof to see fair play, Pigott proved his blade, which, by the way, was the sabre of his sire, by cutting off the head of his assailant and pointing another through the neck as he came to a comrade's assistance.

Alas! poor Pigott is no more. He died the death of a consumptive, through exposure and arduous soldiering on the West Coast of Africa. Still, he died game. His doctors recommended San Remo and retirement, but directly Pigott knew his days were coming to an end he resolved to die in harness. He remained in England, going the round of society, and living like a man sound in body, till he dropped by the way, full of pluck to the bitter end.

What a strangely quaint march that was, under the blazing sun! We slouched along at two miles an hour, through short deserts, always gaining the Nile by nightfall. Some of us, who could not stand the glare of the sun, would keep our eyes fixed on the ground, watching the numerous trails, wondering by their imprint what beast or reptile had left its mark on the yielding sand. Others would watch the shadows of the camels gradually shortening till the sun told us that mid-day was nigh, when we would halt for our rations of tinned beef, biscuit and water. Then, after an hour's rest, we would move forward till four o'clock, when we would settle down on the bank of the Nile for the night.

While the rations were cooking we would take pot shots at the crocodiles, which lashed the waters furiously with their tails when a bullet struck a crevice in their armour. Many a cartridge was thrown away on a snag of wood or jagged rock sticking above the water, so keen was our belief that hverything in the Nile was a crocodile till it was proved otherwise.

When at nightfall we rolled ourselves up in our blankets and courted slumber, a slight breeze would freshen the air, sweeping across the desert, imperceptibly skimming the sand of its lighter particles, covering us with an impalpable powder, almost choking us with its suffocating dryness, and blinding us with the drift in our eyes. When the reveillé sounded, we might have been a few of the Great Majority rising from their graves, so completely had we been embedded in the sand.

Soon the banks of the Nile assumed a greener aspect. The cultivated fringe widened as we entered the fertile Wady of the Province of Dongola, and presently on the west bank was visible the city, the goal for which I had longed, and to attain which I had endured considerable hardships.

The city of Oriental splendour was an utter delusion. Surely this straggling town of squalid mud and plaster houses, with half-ruined mosque and tottering minarets, could not be the beautiful Dongola I read about! In spite of this cruel disappointment, I was still hopeful regarding the inner life of the city and the wondrous palace. The splendour of the Mudireh I hoped against hope might still be

hidden, like a Kimberley diamond in its original setting of blue clay.

With beating heart, I crossed by the native ferry, and soon found myself in the streets of Dongola, which turned out to be tortuous lanes through labyrinths of mud walls. I was billeted in a house of baked mud with Harry Pearse, one of my brother-correspondents. Pearse had brought with him a brand-new saddle and bridle, which he hung on a wooden peg on the mud wall of our room. Scorpions, centipedes, ants, and other loathsome insects were running, crawling and meandering about the earthen floor. So we stood the legs of our angareel, or native bedstead, in empty jam-pots filled with water, and strove to sleep the sleep of the unmolested just. There was a scramble round the jam-pots all night, but no insect was bold enough to adventure the depths of the cans.

In the morning I woke up and discovered Pearse's saddle still hanging on the wall, but minus the stirrup leathers. The stirrup irons, it is true, were glistening in the sun, now streaming into the room, but apparently they were hanging by nothing visible. I awakened my comrade and pointed to this phenomenon. He jumped out of bed, and examined the saddle. In another moment he was cursing, in vigorous English, all ants, black, white, and red. The stirrup leathers had been encrusted in the wall and eaten by white ants in less than six hours. As he touched them they broke away from their mud crust like pieces of charred paper. We found that the insects had nibbled at everything in the shape of leather; our saddle-bags, revolver-cases, portmanteaux, valise-straps, had been scoured over and over. All that we could do was to congratulate ourselves on our personal safety; but for those jam-pots, we might have lost leather too.

A hasty meal of Chicago beef and hard tack, washed down with boiled tea, and I was ready for the glories of the Mudireh. A native pointed out my road, and I made my way to the palace. As I entered the compound, it flashed on me in a moment that the special correspondent of the London daily could never have been there at all. As I mounted the steps of the whitewashed, mud-walled building, I was motioned by one of the attendants to wait awhile; the Mudir was about to officially receive his officers or sand-jacks. My heart sank within me. I mournfully realized that I had been utterly deceived by the brilliant imagination of a Fleet-street special.

Well, this is what I saw. In a whitewashed square hall opening on to a balcony was the Mudir, just seated —not on any Turkish carpet, but cross-legged on a Vienna bent-wood chair. By his side was another chair, across the cane bottom of which was a Dervish sword, pen, ink, and sand, and the seal of office. At the back of the Mudir stood a servant swaying to and fro a long bamboo stick to keep the sparrows from sitting on the chair or even the shoulder of the Mudir, for they were both numerous and tame.

The Dongola Mudir wore the simple black frock Stambouli coat, a fez, with small turban, trousers rather short for his legs, and red morocco slippers. Above him, from the mud ceiling, hung no Damascus lamp with oil of rare fragrance, but a two-and-sixpenny opaque kerosene lamp, which exuded a strong smell of paraffin. After paying my respects to the Mudir, I entered the reception-room. No Oriental splendour was here. A cabbage-rose-pattern Brussels carpet partly covered the floor. A divan, draped with cheap French damask, occupied three sides of the dingy apartment. A table in the centre wore a red baize cover. Standing against a column supporting a fly-blown, whitewashed ceiling was a tall French clock with flower-painted face, a clock which struck the wrong time with uncertain vigour.

I left the Mudireh sad and dejected, but on lighting my pipe and reflecting for awhile, I came to the conclusion that, after all, the Fleet-street special's description was much more pleasing and satisfactory to the unthinking public. People at home naturally look

tor something Oriental from sometimes the East, and they get it laid on with a generous brush.

Two years after this little incident I was at a public dinner, when the author of the Dongola article was introduced to me. I looked at his interesting face, said I had longed to meet him, expressed enthusiasm for his work, and told him how much impressed I had been by that description of his visit to the Mudir of Dongola. He beamed with satisfaction, and said he was rather pleased with that article himself.

"Yes," said I, "it impressed me so much—so very much—that I resolved to——"

"To what?" said he, falling back in his chair.

"Go there myself," I slowly continued; "and what is more, my friend, *I have been.*"

THE END.

THE COLONIAL.

WHEN the old blood thinned in the ageing Line,
And the mother was spent and grey,
O who where the sons of the failing house
Sent one by one away?

When the cry that rose from the crowded board
Was more than a cry for bread,
Who then were the sons went sadly forth
Where the outland roadways led?

'Twas the hardier son, that, heavy of heart,
Rose up from the mother's knees,
And followed the trail of the luring West,
And fathomed the lonely seas.

'Twas the best of her blood she gladly gave,
And few were the words she said;
But she felt in her heart he would soon forget,
And she mourned him as her dead.

Where his axe and his camp-fire startled the night,
Afar from the beaten track,
By prairie and bushland, river and veldt,
The desert he shouldered back.

In his pride he carried the old proud name
From the palm to the northland pine,
And if he old ways, in the wilds, forgot,
He forgot not once the Line.

Thro' his dreams he could hear the English lark,
And the nightingale sing again;
And winding by ivied hall and lawn,
He could see an English lane.

Where the valleys lay purple and green and sad,
'Twas the peat-smoke rose once more,
And the shamrock stood by the cottage wall,
And the children round the door.

He beheld the deer by a Highland burn,
The mist on the mountain side,
And the heather that purpled the homeland moors
Where the lonely curlews cried.

. . . . . .

But the green mound left at the lone portage,
And the grave by the trekking wain
Were strewn in the path of his frontier fires,
Where his dead were sown, as grain.

And the night was starred with his glimmering homes,
And his prairie with wheat was gold;
And it fell in time, as it ever was,
That the New became the Old.

Its blood was the blood of the home-born sons,
And its strength, and life, was theirs,
But the old home turns to its yesterday,
While the new to the morrow fares.

Yet the child shall age as the mother aged
And her best, in her time, shall give:
By her outward-bound shall the old house stand,
By her lost shall the old home live!

Arthur Stringer.

ON THE HOUSETOP.*

BY ROBERT BARR, ATUHOR OF "IN THE MIDST OF ALARMS," ETC., ETC.

GILBERT STRONG awoke suddenly. Something was wrong, of that he was certain; but what the something was, he had but the vaguest idea. His flat was on the seventeenth floor of the tall Zenith Building, near Fifth avenue, and above the seventeenth floor there was nothing but the flat roof. He liked this elevation, for the air was purer than farther below, and the comparative quiet of the situation, high above the turmoil of a New York street, soothed and comforted a literary man.

Gilbert dashed from his bedside to the window, touched the spring blind, and it flew to the ceiling. But one glance out and down was needed to tell a New Yorker what the trouble was. Tearing along the side street with alarm gong a-clang, rushed the fire engines. The lower sections of the houses on the opposite side of the thoroughfare were aglow with the reflected light of a conflagration just begun, and grim apprehensions thrilled the scantily clad frame of young Strong as he realized that the fire was in the first stories of the tall edifice he occupied.

He was paying an exorbitant rent because the Zenith apartment house was fireproof, but somehow this remembrance brought little consolation to him at the moment he stood by the window. "Fireproof" is an elastic term, and to the average New Yorker it merely means that the sky-scraper so designated will occupy a few minutes longer in burning than some others that have not marble stairs, concrete floors and steel frames.

Gilbert Strong dressed himself speedily, yet with more deliberation than a man might be expected to use in similar circumstances. He was thinking, not of himself, but of another—the occupier of flat 68, his own apartment being numbered 67. He wondered if she had come home the night before. He had not heard her come in. Four things he knew regarding her: She was the most beautiful woman in the world; her name was Maud Colburn; she was an artist; and, lastly, that he had never been able to summon courage to speak to her, planning for a formal introduction, but always failing to find a proper intermediary. Diffidence melts before a fire. Gilbert Strong strode down the hall, and struck his fist lustily against the panels of No. 68.

"Who is that?"

"Miss Colburn, come out as quickly as you can, the house is on fire. I am your neighbour, Gilbert Strong."

There was a shuddering cry from within, then silence. Strong walked to the elevator, and, from futile habit, rang the electric bell. He heard the jingling far below. Some thought came to him of kicking in the door of the elevator, and pulling the wire rope to bring up the car; but through the glass he saw the shaft thick with smoke, and he knew that a breach at the top would but make a roaring furnace of this smoky funnel, while the chances of getting down in the car, even if it came up, were exceedingly remote. As yet the upper hall in which he stood was almost smokeless, although a strong smell of burning pine was in the air.

The door of 68 opened and Miss Colburn came out, arrayed with admirable disorder, a loose dressing-gown of fascinating colour and make around her, the abundant black tresses profuse over her shoulders. He had always seen her in fashionable garb, and thought her the most superb woman of her time; but now she seemed adorable, her beauty heightened by the augment-

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ed roses in her cheek, and the appealing glance of fear in her dark eyes.

"Oh, you are not gone!"

"I was waiting for you."

"That is kind of you. We are not in danger, are we? The electric lights are still burning in the hall."

"Yes, that is a good sign. No, we are in no danger; but we may have to go down the fire escape to the street."

"But there are no fire escapes on this building. They said it was fireproof."

"They will say anything in New York. I was meaning the wheeled escapes of the fire department, and we must go down some stories yet before we come within their range. Come."

A red lamp indicated the stair. They walked down the marble steps together. Strong noticed that the doors of the flats they passed on the landings were open; a silence as of long desertion hung about the empty rooms and halls. The fire had made further progress than he had surmised at first; perhaps the two occupants of the top floor had been forgotten in the general alarm; and if this were the case, their situation was more serious than he cared to admit even to himself. Two or three flights down the choking smoke began to meet them, growing thicker as they descended. Silently he offered his arm, and she took it gasping.

"I am—I am a coward," she faltered. "I have always had a fear of heights, and yet—and yet I took that flat. I thought this house was fireproof. Let us get down, down, down, and quickly. If one has to fall, the distance will be less."

He smiled grimly. All they could accomplish in descent would make little difference.

"You must not be afraid. Don't speak, please, and breathe through your nose. Better hold your sleeve against your face, and breathe through that if you can."

But even as he spoke he saw that their endeavour was hopeless. The girl leaned more and more heavily against him, then with a moan sank helpless at his feet. He lifted her, passed down the hall to a window and threw it open. The cool air revived her, but a glance through the open window sent her swooning to the floor. They had not yet come down to the level of the opposite roof that covered a ten-story building. Leaving her where she lay, Gilbert went down the hall and opened the window at the other end, the wind blowing through almost clearing the passage of smoke. When he returned she was sitting with her brow pressed against the sill.

"Leave me," she moaned, "and save yourself—if you can."

"You don't mind being left alone?"

"Oh, no." Her face sank in her open hands.

"Then you see you are not a coward after all. My courage would fail if you left me. Give me your hand and spring to your feet. In spite of the open window this smoke is becoming stifling. We must make for the roof."

"The roof? No, no."

"Life is impossible here. Come, or I'll carry you."

She went with him, protesting.

"The roof will be worse at the last."

"It can not be any worse, and the air will be breathable."

He assisted her, and there was need of it. The electric lights had gone out, and the stairways were thick with smoke. In the darkness he groped for the ladder that led to the hatchway, ascended, leaving her clinging to the foot of the ladder; he flung up the trap-door and caught a glimpse of the soothing starlit sky, whose existence he had forgotten as he fought his way from that murky pit.

"Can you climb the ladder?"

"I think so, if you help me a little."

He reached down a hand, and at last lifted her through the square opening and closed the trap-door. Once on the flat roof she swayed slightly, and covered her eyes with her hands as if to shut out any realization of the dizzy height at which she stood. They seemed to be on a square gravel-covered island far above the earth and un-

connected with it, or on a very material cloud floating close under the sky. Miss Colburn was the first to speak.

"How sweet the air is. It is like life. I never seem to have appreciated the pleasure of mere breathing or mere living before. How long—when will the fire—how short a time have we?"

"I hope our days will be long in the land, Miss Colburn. The fire may be put out; they may shoot a rope over this roof; there are a hundred things between us and disaster. I count strongly on the ingenuity of the fire department, and on the bravery of the men. No soldier faces peril more unflinchingly than a fireman."

The girl came closer to him, something almost like a smile softening the lines that fear had drawn about her lips.

"You are saying that to comfort me. I had a glimpse of your face by the open window down below, and saw that all hope had left you. You know there is no chance for us."

"You are entirely mistaken, Miss Colburn. There are many chances in our favour."

"Then why have you made no attempt to let those in the street know we are here on the roof? How can the fire department do anything for us if it thinks every tenant has escaped?"

"By Jove, you are right. I hadn't thought of that. It isn't despair, it is merely a man's stupidity."

Gilbert walked to the parapet, leaned over and shouted. The air shuddered with the incessant palpitation of the fire engines. He saw standpipes, which he knew to be tall, pouring floods through the shattered windows of the fifth or sixth stories, yet from his height the streams seemed to be on a level of those shot from the pavement. Now and then the shrill whistle of an engine calling for coal pierced the throbbing air. The streets were crawling with human black beetles, inefficiently kept within bounds by the police. How familiar the scene seemed, yet Strong had never witnessed it from this point of view, animated by vivid personal interest. These men so far below were battling for his life, and for the life of another. He turned back from the parapet and saw her standing where he had left her; the fear she had confessed of dizzy heights returned to her wide-open eyes.

"You cannot make them hear?"

"Some one may have heard me, and the word will quickly spread that we are on the roof."

"Then they will shoot the rope over the house top?"

"They will do something of that I am assured."

"Will the something effect our rescue?"

"Such is my hope. Of course, I mentioned that merely as a guess. They understand fighting a fire and I don't. I can not tell the exact method they will adopt. Your door is open: may I go down and bring you up a wrap?"

"Oh, no, no. I am really warmly clad. It is awful to think of any one going down into that stifling pit."

"Then let us walk under the stars for a while."

He took her unresisting hand and placed it under his arm. They walked along the flat gravel roof as if they were old friends, she shrinking a little when they approached the parapet, whereon he turned, remembering her formerly expressed fear.

"It is so humiliating to be a coward," she said, seeing he had noticed her shudder.

"You do yourself scant justice," he replied. "I think you a very brave woman."

"That is delusion on your part. You are actually brave, and so I may appear a pale reflection of courage, if I am even that. You are brave, and I am pretending to be. How did you know my name was Colburn?"

"It is engraved on a brass plate on your door."

The girl laughed lightly.

"So it is. I had forgotten. A lady friend of mine presented it to me when I took that flat, and so it has remained where she put it. There is no name on your door."

"No. May I introduce myself? I am called—"

"You are Gilbert Strong, whose latest book all America is reading. Such a success must be very gratifying."

"It was yesterday."

"Ah, you speak in the past tense. There is more truth in your 'was' than in your optimistic remarks about our rescue. Then I was right—all hope has fled."

"Quite the contrary. Hope is newly awakened."

"Why, what has happened?"

"I am talking with you."

"I know. But what has that to do with the fire?"

"To tell the truth, I was not thinking of the fire."

"I do not understand you. Of what, then, were you thinking?"

"Of the pleasures of hope, to use an old literary title. And now that books are our subject, may I ask what will seem a conceited question: Have you read my last?"

"Your latest, you mean. Yes; and I have wanted to speak with you about its title. Why did you call it "Inspiration?" I suppose I am very dull, but I could find little connection between the name and the story."

"Well, one critic said it was because I had so much self-esteem that I thought myself inspired; another that I supposed it was a catchy name; and a third that it cost less to advertise a book whose title was a single word than one designated by a phrase."

"Yes, but what was the real reason?"

"The first man was right."

"What? That you thought yourself inspired?"

"I was inspired."

"Oh!"

"Are you very much shocked? It is the truth, and I wanted to tell you about it if I thought the recital would not tire you. May I?"

"I'll tell you when I'm tired. Go on."

"Thank you. Well, to understand the situation, you should have read one or more of my other books; but they are volumes nobody bought. The first five books were deserved failures, because I could not depict a woman. With the men I was reasonably successful, but the women were simply sticks."

"Oh, I don't agree with you, Mr. Strong. You are now going to the other extreme, and self-depreciation is almost as bad as self-conceit. Your women were always charming—a little too good, if anything."

"You mean too goody-goody; in truth, they were not alive at all. They were not fixed in my own mind, and naturally I could not write convincingly of them so that they might remain for a moment in the reader's recollection. Why, in one of my books the heroine has black hair in the first chapters, and is a blonde toward the end of the volume!"

"Oh, that is quite true to life," said Maud with a laugh.

"Not with the kind of girl I was trying to picture," replied Strong, joining in the merriment of his companion. "However, that girl does not matter; she was a mere phantom, like all her sisters. But one day I saw a real woman. I tremble now to think how near I came to taking a car, for then I would have missed her. But I walked, and so I met her."

"How delightful! In prosy old New York, too, I suppose?"

"On Brooklyn bridge."

"Oh, worse and worse. What a spot for so enchanting a meeting."

"What! Don't you like Brooklyn bridge? To me it is—?"

"Oh, I dare say. Please go on with your story. You are at a most interesting point."

"But I can't have you do injustice to my favourite structure. Just pause a moment and look at that bridge. See how it hangs against the dark sky, a very necklace of pearls. Could anything be more beautiful?"

From their great elevation the immense bridge was plainly outlined with points of light. The girl withdrew her hand from his arm, and stood a step farther from him, while he with great enthusiasm and no little eloquence

dilated on the beauty of the picture.

"Oh, yes, it is all very well in its way," she said carelessly. "Nevertheless, they are not pearls to me, but sputtering globules of electric light, the most blatant of illuminants. If you want electricity, look at the Jersey shore. There are miles of electric lights."

The young man was disturbed by the lack of sympathy with his mood that had so suddenly come into her tone, and his attitude showed his bewilderment. She laughed, but without much merriment.

"How horrid I am," she said, taking his arm again. "I am like the little girl who had the curl on her forehead, with the exception of the very good part. I'll admit that Brooklyn bridge is the ideal place for a lover's meeting. I suppose you come up here all alone on dark nights just to pay your distant devotion to that loop of lights?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then, as I seem to know so much more about women than you, let me give you some advice. Present your adoration to the girl, and forget about the bridge. It will be much more to the purpose."

"I believe you are right. I'll follow that advice."

"Then, so far, you have not adored her?"

"Oh, yes, silently."

"Ah, that doesn't count. Well, tell me about her. Don't you see I'm dying of curiosity? You take so long in getting on with your story, introducing unnecessary bridges, and all that. Have you met her?"

"Oh, yes."

"And talked with her, of course?"

"Certainly."

"Did her conversation at all equal her good looks?"

"Good looks? There are hundreds of good-looking girls; New York is full of them. This lady is superb. There is no one to be compared with her."

"Really! As a general thing these superb creatures are tiresome when they begin to speak. I'm glad your Lady Superba is an exception. She must be a paragon. I suppose, then, she is the inspiration—she is the Denora of your story!"

"She is both the inspiration and the heroine."

"How charming! Did she help you with the actual writing of the book, or was she only the model?"

"I don't like your word 'only.' Were it not for her the book would never have been written. You see, her presence was so strongly stamped upon my memory that when I wrote she was before me—almost as if actually there. All I had to do was to put that woman in my book, and success was mine. Although the public has praised the so-called creation, I alone know how far it has fallen short of the reality. But I did my best, hoping not for their approval, but for hers."

"And did you get it?"

"I am not sure that I did."

"Have you asked her about it?"

"We have discussed the book together. At first I thought she liked it, but afterwards I began to have doubts."

"Probably the poor girl has no opinion one way or the other; she wants to say what will please you, but is uncertain of her ground. I know of no situation more embarrassing. You literary people are so sensitive that misplaced praise is almost as disastrous as blame."

"Do you know many literary people?"

"I know one novelist. Is the Lady Superba aware that she is the heroine of your book?"

"I think not."

"Then she can't be very clever. Still, I am doubtless doing her an injustice. She probably knows all about it, and plumes herself greatly on the fact to all her friends except you. Nevertheless, I should like very much to meet her. Will you introduce me?"

"I should be delighted, but I fear you would not do her justice."

"Oh, yes, I would. My estimate would probably be much nearer the

truth than yours. We women are said to be severe critics of each other. In reality we are true critics, which a cynical person might say was the same thing. Have I said anything which makes you think I should be unfair in my judgment of her?"

"Yes, you have."

"Oh, well, I was talking carelessly. Besides, it is all your fault in being so exasperatingly slow in your telling of a story. Even now you haven't finished your story. You met her on Brooklyn bridge. What then? Did she take any notice of you?"

"Not the slightest. I doubt if she saw me; she was looking straight ahead."

"Yes, that was the fashion two years ago. What next?"

"I forgot instantly what was taking me over to Brooklyn; I turned and followed her."

"Oh, never!"

"I had to. Do you think I was going to run the risk of losing her now that I had found her? I determined to learn where she lived. I succeeded."

"And then arranged an introduction—or was an introduction necessary? Perhaps you simply called on her and said, 'I am Mr. Gilbert Strong.'"

"Well, really, Miss Colburn, you are nearer the truth than you imagine."

"Ah, if that is the case, I don't think much of your Lady Superba."

"That is not the worst you have said of her."

"Oh, what I said before was merely by way of a joke, or rather with the purpose of bantering you. You were so much in earnest. What did I say that offended you?"

"You called her a coward."

"What!"

"Down by the open window you called my Lady Superba a coward. I said and say she is the bravest woman in the world."

Maud Colburn stepped back a pace or two, and stood with clasped hands and bent head, her eyes on the gravelled floor at her feet. He could see her face plainly now—pale at first, then slowly flushing. Her mind, he surmised, was retreading the steps of their conversation, adjusting sequel to precedence. When she looked up her brow was glorified by the salutation of the coming day.

"How beautiful is the dawn," she whispered

He glanced over his shoulder, and saw the widening band of light along the eastern horizon.

"Yes," he said; "but more beautiful is the Goddess of the Dawn."

"It was I, then, whom you met on the bridge?"

"Yes."

"How incredible it seems that I should not have seen you!"

"It was the fashion then to look straight ahead, you remember."

"Ah, I am afraid I did not see very far ahead that day."

"I did. I saw you and me standing together somewhere alone. I heard myself say, 'My lady, I love you;' but there prophetic instinct deserted me, and I could not hear your answer."

"The answer! I fear no prophet was needed to foretell the answer."

He took her willing hands and drew her to him, his kiss lightly touching brow and cheek.

Suddenly she pushed him from her, starting back. The trap-door was rising and a wet helmet had appeared, angering the young man with its unnecessary intrusion.

"You're all right," said the man in the helmet. "The fire is out."

"What—what fire?" stammered Gilbert Strong.

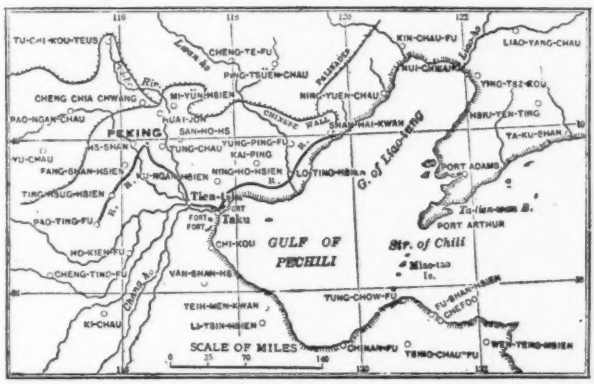
CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by W. Sanford Evans

WHAT is not unlikely to prove the most important event of the century is occurring in its closing year —the awakening of China. If we could say positively that the huge mass of China is at last thoroughly aroused, we need have no hesitation in thus characterizing it. But we know nothing positively, except the incidents of Admiral Seymour's abortive attempt to reach Pekin, the bombardment of the Taku forts, and some details of the fighting around Tien Tsin. The appalling tragedy of the massacre of the Europeans in Pekin is assumed, upon what are unfortunately only too strong grounds. On some of the matters affecting foreigners, we thus have information or ground for belief; but on the situation as it affects the Chinese themselves, we are in almost entire ignorance. Are they by this time united under one strong leader; are there faction fights in progress; has the old feud between Manchus and Chinese separated the people into two camps; or has the hostility to the foreigner united both Manchus and Chinese in a common cause? If we could answer all these questions it might be possible to estimate the immediate importance of this awakening of China. If the new energy throws itself into military activity, the resources of all the great powers may be taxed to subdue it. If the military activity is only temporary, and the energy goes, as in Japan, into general development, the present status of commercial and industrial life will be disturbed; for if China once adopts modern methods and modern enterprise, all other nations must readjust themselves to the new conditions. In any case the shaking of the easy confidence with which the great powers were dividing up the world, and the forcing them into co-operation for common defence, will have important effects in international politics.

* *

The European nations talk of vengeance. There is something ominous in this cry. It shows the gulf between the yellow race and the white. Yet the powers have themselves to blame. They thought, after Japan's easy victory, that China was without spirit; but they did not allow for the new stimulus afforded by the sting of defeat and by the humiliation inflicted by the western nations in their rush for territory and concessions. They forgot that the Chinese were human beings and subject to the permanent forces that make history. They took the risks deliberately. They knew that



MAP SHOWING PEKIN, TIEN-TSIN, PORT ARTHUR (RUSSIAN), AND OTHER PLACES IN THE DISTURBED DISTRICT.



AGUINALDO: "Keep it up, Oom; he's getting into another row and in a few minutes we'll be forgotten."—*The Chicago News.*

the Chinese would indulge in wholesale massacre if they ever took the field, yet they provided no adequate means of safe-guarding their representatives in Pekin. If these representatives could not read the signs of the times, they were unfit for their posts. If they did, as is most probable, and sent in due warnings, there must be uneasy consciences to-day in the Chancelleries of Europe. Lord Charles Beresford was in China only a few weeks, and yet he called attention, in his book, to "the terrible prospect of a civil revolution extending over an area as large as Europe, amongst four hundred millions of people, upon which catastrophe the thin line of European civilization on the coast, and a few ships of war, would have little or no effect." Now the nations are put to it to restore in some measure their prestige in the Far East, and perhaps even to check, before it gets beyond control, a power that may conceive the idea of overrunning the world. The invasion of Russian territory on the north may be the beginning. It must be remembered, too, that Japan is the natural ally of China, and is not bound to the western nations by anything except temporary interest. It is in humility and all seriousness, and not with boastfulness or mere bloodthirstiness, that the western nations should gird themselves for the work before them.

Of course, the Allies can reach Pekin. If they continue to think the object is worth the cost, and if they hold together, they can march through China from end to end. Whether this could be accomplished with comparative ease, or whether it would call for all the resources of Europe and America, depends entirely upon the degree to which the Chinese are aroused. They can manufacture guns and ammunition, and they have millions of men to use them. They can afford, too, to learn strategy and tactics by repeated failures. In the engagements that have already taken place they have surprised the world with their military efficiency and their straight shooting. This is a formidable beginning. And the problem will not be solved by a march to Pekin. China is an altogether different power to-day from what she was when Japan attacked her. It was then a Government matter and the people were not stirred. The possibilities here conjured up may be extreme and too pessimistic, but they are still possibilities. Of all the Allies, Russia stands to gain most or suffer most. Her territory has been invaded. This will be her pretext for massing a great army in Siberia, and sweeping down, if she can, upon all northern China. If she succeeds, she will remain. If she fails, she may have before her years of fighting to maintain the boundaries of Siberia. Japan would not be displeased to see her checked. At present all must be speculation; but the developments as they occur will be watched with anxious interest.

The two most prominent Englishmen in Pekin were Sir Claude M. Macdonald, K.C.M.G., the British Minister, and Sir Robert Hart, the

Director of Imperial Chinese Maritime Customs. For details of their fate, and that of the whole fifteen hundred or more foreigners at the capital, the world is waiting in shuddering anxiety. Sir Claude Macdonald's rise in the diplomatic service was rapid, for he was not yet fifty. Born in 1852, and educated for a military career, he entered the 74th Highlanders in 1872 and served through the Egyptian campaign of 1882-4, attaining the rank of major. In 1887 he was sent to Zanzibar as Agent and Consul-General. His services at this post showed him to be a man of exceptional capacity. In 1889 he was sent on a special mission to the Niger, and was next appointed Commissioner and Consul-General of the Oil Rivers Protectorate on the West Coast of Africa. Here again he was eminently successful and was considered competent to fill one of the most difficult and responsible positions in the whole diplomatic service, that of H.M. Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Pekin. Here he had to contend not only with the wiles of the Chinese Court, but with the intrigues of the other foreign representatives in the greatest game of modern times. It is high praise to say that he so managed British interests as to preserve the confidence of the British Government and people.

Sir Robert Hart was the best informed and most influential foreigner in the Far East. He regarded the Chinese Customs Service, which he entered in 1859, as his great life-work, and refused the position of British Minister which was offered him. By his great ability and devotion to duty he was one of the chief forces making for order in China. His work was appreciated, too, and there is nothing improbable in the story that some influential Chinese would have aided him in escaping at the end, but that he chose to remain with those whose case was desperate and use his influence on their behalf and share their fate. His message to his wife in England, to prepare to hear the worst, was the last authentic message from Pekin.

* *

In South Africa another period of re-arrangement and preparation followed the capture of Pretoria and the forcing of Laing's Nek. During this time General Hunter's and General Baden-Powell's forces marched across from the west; General Buller cleared his line of communication with Pretoria; and as many divisions as could be spared were set to work to round up the enemy's forces that had been dangerously active in the northeastern part of the Orange River Colony. Many very sharp engagements have occurred and the progress of the British has seemed slow. The amount of attention given to the Boers under de Wet, south of the Vaal, left General Botha some freedom to dispose his forces on the north and east of the British and strike some blows. At Nitral's Nek his men again succeeded in surprising a British post, and capturing men and guns. The Canadians have been engaged in several localities, and have suffered not a few casualties.



SIR CLAUDE M. MACDONALD,
THE BRITISH DIPLOMATIC REPRESENTATIVE AT PEKIN.



THE REAL "BOXERS."
—*The San Francisco Chronicle.*

The dogged determination of the Boers is remarkable. The sphere of hostilities has been materially narrowed during the month, and the Boer cause is clearly more helpless than ever; but the end is not yet.

Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain have laid down the future policy for South Africa to be the incorporation of all the territory in the Empire, and the spirit to be that of conciliation. The carrying out of this policy has been entrusted to two very able men. Sir Alfred Milner, who is now both British Commissioner in South Africa and Governor of Cape Colony, will retain the former office only, and will devote his time to the larger aspects of the question of settlement. The Governorship of Cape Colony has been accepted by Sir George Taubman Goldie, who is one of the most capable and most honourable administrators England possesses. His experience has been gained and his reputation earned, not in official connection with the British Government, but as managing head of the Royal Niger Company, which consolidated and developed a vast tract in Africa, and by this means secured it to the British Crown. When the control of the territory was taken over by the British Parliament a year or two ago, unqualified praise was bestowed upon the Company and its head for its unspotted record. The task before these men is one of great difficulty.

South African papers to hand give a much better idea of the state of public feeling than can be gathered from short press despatches. It is evident that both British and Dutch in Cape Colony are extreme in their feeling, and in the expression of it. The colonists of Dutch descent, while professing their constant loyalty to the British Crown, are most outspoken in their condemnation of what they call the scheming methods of the Colonial Office, and are bitterly opposed to the annexation of the two Republics, whose independence they hold should not be destroyed. The English colonists, on their part, are not disposed to moderation. They most emphatically endorse the annexation of the Republics, and demand various forms of punishment for those guilty of taking up arms. In April last Vigilance Committees were formed among the English colonists in all parts of the country, and upon the same day they called public meetings all over the Colony, and presented resolutions endorsing Lord Salisbury's recently announced policy. The answer to this on the part of the Afrikanders was a great public gathering at the end of May, called The People's Congress. The speeches were in most cases intemperate, and if the applause which greeted them shows that they fairly represent the attitude of the Afrikanders, who are the majority of the colonists, then reconciliation is still far off.

In the United States the issues have now been drawn, upon which the two parties will appeal for the support of the people in the elections in November.

The Republicans adopted their platform at the Philadelphia Convention on June 21st, and the Democrats theirs at Kansas City on July 5th. The Republicans congratulate the country upon its remarkable prosperity, and upon the high standing of its credit, which they claim to be chiefly due to Republican administration. The Spanish-American war is defended in glowing terms, and the course of events in the Philippines is defended. The whole administration of President McKinley is endorsed. They renew their allegiance to the principle of the gold standard, and declare their steadfast opposition to the free and unlimited coinage of silver. In a vaguely-worded clause they seem to favour legislation against trusts and other combines and conspiracies to restrict business. They renew their "faith in the policy of protection to American labour," that is, to the general policy of protection of industries. They favour a more effective restriction of the immigration of cheap labour from foreign lands, and legislation tending to improve the condition of the labouring class. The hope is held out that war taxes will be reduced on account of the excellent results of the amended Dingley Act. The construction, ownership, control and protection, by the Government, of an Isthmian canal is declared for. They commend President McKinley's conduct of all external and internal affairs, especially mentioning the part taken with reference to the war in South Africa; and they assert their "steadfast adherence to the policy announced in the Monroe doctrine." President McKinley was nominated as candidate for the Presidency and Theodore Roosevelt for the Vice-Presidency.

The Democratic platform does not contain so many clauses. Anti-Imperialism and free silver are the two chief features of the Democratic policy. There is no sparing of words in condemning the Republican administration for its actions in the Philippines and in Porto Rico. They pledge the Democratic party to "unceasing warfare in nation, state and city against private monopoly in every form." On the financial question they endorse the Chicago platform of 1896, and reiterate the demand for an "American financial system, made by the American people themselves, which shall restore and maintain a bi-metallic price level, and as part of such system the immediate restoration of the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the consent of any other nation." They favour the construction of the Isthmian canal, and charge that the Republicans were insincere in their canal plank, because they failed to pass necessary legislation. The Hay-Pauncefote treaty is condemned, and sympathy is formally extended to the Boers. William J. Bryan and Adlai E. Stevenson were the candidates chosen. Had the Democrats left out the free silver plank, the election would have proved of the utmost interest, since the American people would then have been called upon to choose between Imperalism and Anti-Imperialism. It is hard to believe, however, that they will give a majority in favour of free silver, and it would seem as if the Republicans were likely to win upon their gold standard plank, quite as much as, if not more than, upon their Imperialisn.



LORD SALISBURY ON THE MISSIONARY.

"My Christian friend, you are undoubtedly a good man—but you're a horrid nuisance to us. This Boxer trouble is all your fault."

—*Westminster Gazette.*

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

OVER one hundred years ago Great Britain refused parliamentary representation to her North American Colonies and as a consequence thirteen of them revolted and set up an empire of their own. In 1831 the British House of Commons voted down a motion to give Canada three representatives, India four and Australia one. The people of Great Britain have fought steadily ever since against admitting colonial representatives to the House of Commons. They are afraid that the colonies have not the necessary wisdom.

Canada's attitude is more doubtful. It is questionable if Canada would accept the privilege of sending representatives to Westminster if it were offered. Sir Charles Tupper is against it, and it is quite reasonable to suppose that Sir Wilfrid Laurier is not favourable to it. These two represent the older men in the two political parties. The younger men of the country, both French and English, view with considerable distrust a possible parliamentary representation in London which would bind Canada to share in the perils as well as the glories of the British Empire.

Under these circumstances the discussion of "parliamentary representation in the Councils of the Empire" is meet work for theorists and faddists. Other representation, such as on an Imperial Board of Trade, or on a Colonial Consultative or Advisory body, being less binding, would be more welcome and perhaps more beneficial.

*

Then there is the other side. Over in the United States they have formed a National Continental Union League, and it has held its first quarterly meeting. When it is mentioned that one of the chief organizers of this association is Mr. F. W. Glen of "Annexation" fame, the character and objects of this new association are pretty fully set forth. The Newark (N.J.) *News* is right when it admits that there is "a smack of impertinence in this sort of thing." And then the *News* adds:

> "Canada can be safely left to the operation of those natural causes, which are as inexorable as the flow of a glacier or the swing of the tides. The time will come when our good neighbour will be willing to change her allegiance without urging or argument by importunate Yankees. And Great Britain will be just as willing to have her put on a new livery. There is but little in the Canadian dependency, nominal at best, which our cousins over sea couldn't just as well spare, and save good solid cash by it with no loss of prestige. Many of the wisest Englishmen foresee the time and are quite willing to have it materialize when the fruit is ripe to drop into our lap."

It is rather interesting to have this estimable United States journal point out our "inexorable" destiny, even if the same statement has already been made by one of our own citizens of considerable reputation and standing. Yet Canada is standing face to face with this "inexorable" destiny and exhibiting more complacency than fear. When the Empire sees fit to pay us off, or when we get weary of doing out-post duty for those who sleep comfortably in the central camp, it is hardly likely that we shall assume any further onerous duties of a similar character. Separation from Great Britain does not necessarily imply a union with a new power. It is quite possible that the raw recruit might decide to fight under his own officers and generals.

*

Lieutenant-Governor McInnes, of British Columbia, has been struggling for some time with a peculiar state of political affairs. As he failed at a general election to get support for his advisers, he has been dismissed by the Ottawa Government. He is succeeded by Sir Henri Joly de Lotbiniere, Minister of Inland Revenue in the Laurier cabinet. The vacancy at Ottawa has been filled by the appointment of M. E. Bernier, M.P. for St. Hyacinthe, to the head of the Inland Revenue De-

partment. The Hon. Mr. Bernier is a successful business man, and a member of Parliament who is not given to loquaciousness—two strong points in his favour.

*

The day of the railway subsidy has not yet passed. The Dominion Parliament has granted three millions and a half dollars more in this form. Commenting on this the Montreal *Gazette* says :

"The idea suggested by the Government's latest demand for railway subsidies is that the grants are meant for individuals and not the country. The list is most extraordinary. Large sums are given to works begun and completed under former subsidy arrangements. Heavily subsidized projects which have killed opposition schemes that sought no public aid are given more. Grants are made to projects through territory already well served and marked by abandoned tracks that other companies had been bonused to construct. Money is offered to schemes competing with roads subsidized on the ground that otherwise they could not be built. Roads on paper running from nowhere to nowhere are in the list by the dozen. There has been nothing like it since the Mercier splurge in Quebec, which added ten millions to the Province's debt and is yet a burden on the treasury. With the subsidies of last session added, ten millions will barely represent the liabilities created in two years. There is only one good that can come out of the thing. It may help to awaken the public mind to the evil of the overdone railway subsidy system and so help to bring about its end."

*

Speaking of bonuses to railways, Alderman Barclay, of Winnipeg, estimates that the C.P.R. has cost Winnipeg $1,250,000. This came out during the agitation in that city for legislation to enable it to impose frontage and school taxes on the company. His details are as follows : "Exemption from taxation has cost the city $251,000 odd ; there was a bonus of $200,000 given the company 20 years ago, and the interest on this amount to date, aggregates an additional $216,000 ; then there are the Louise bridge debentures, $204,000, with interest to date $240,000 more, and the caretaking and upkeeping of this bridge which averages $3,600 to $3,700 per annum, while the rental from the C.P.R. is only $1,200 per annum, showing a net loss to the city of about $2,500 per annum ; also the overhead bridge, which cost the city $36,000 two or three years ago ; and then there are the lands given to the company, and the streets closed for them for their station, which at a low estimate of valuation will not amount to less than $40,000, and of course, the regular annual interest on debentures during their running term."

*

Apropos of remarks last month on the fanaticism of Canadian prohibitionists, it is interesting to notice that the Temperance party in Great Britain is pursuing gradual reform. They have just entered a Bill in the House of Commons to prevent the sale of liquor in public houses to boys under sixteen. Such a move would prevent the beer-drinker from sending his boys to purchase his beer. It was a good and proper Bill, and was supported by a petition bearing the names of two hundred members of the House. That the Government refused to allow it to go through this session was unfortunate.

*

There has been a great debate in the House over the emergency ration which the Department of Militia and Defence bought and sent to South Africa. A committee had been appointed to see whether the country had received value for the four thousand odd dollars invested in these little emergency cans. The committee was composed of four Liberals and three Conservatives. The four Liberals brought in a report absolving the Government from blame, and the three Conservatives submitted a minority report censuring the Department. The double-headed decision of the committee was an indication of the exhibition of partizanship which was to follow the presentation of the reports in the House. The debate on the reports was what one might expect under such circumstances, with, here and there, a little cool-headed criticism from the independents in the House—who are all Liberals, by the way.

Speeches were made and votes were taken. The event might have been described beforehand by one acquainted with the way in which such arguments are carried on. The only tangible result was to show that the Liberal Party in the House of Commons possesses a few members who have the courage of their convictions, and are willing that their votes should indicate this so long as the fate of the Government is not an immediate issue. The Liberal Party is to be congratulated on possessing ten men whose votes are not of the "slavish" character. Ten good men and true would have saved Sodom and Gomorrah.

*

The Dominion House was prorogued on July 18th. The chief measures of the session were: some amendments to the Bank Act, which it is thought will strengthen the system which has given to Canada a world-wide reputation for strong banks and an elastic and stable currency; the increase from 25 to 33 1-3 per cent. of the preference given in import duties on goods coming from the United Kingdom and the other colonies; the legislation which in company with Imperial legislation will permit trustees in Great Britain to invest in certain Canadian stocks; and the Conciliation Act, which aims to prevent labour disputes, and establishes a labour bureau and a labour journal.

*

The agitation for Provincial autonomy is proceeding steadily in the Territories. Senator Perley, in a recent letter to the newspapers, declares himself opposed to four new Provinces. He believes that Assiniboia, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Athabasca have interests in common, and could well be governed by one legislature. Ontario covers a wide area, and different districts have unlike interests, yet no one suggests that Ontario is unwieldy as a Province. One strong Provincial Government would be better than two weak ones. The cost of one government and one legislature would be much less than the cost of two or more. Territories are an anomaly, and the substitution of one Province for these four districts would be a distinct gain from the standpoint of a simple geographical nomenclature and from a simple national structure. A strong Provincial Government would help very much in the development and settlement of these newer portions of our Dominion.

John A. Cooper.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE field for the art journal seems to be broadening. Since the steel and wood engravers have been displaced by the photographer and the process engraver, the possibility of illustrated art journals has been patent. No one can examine the June and July *Studio* (Covent Garden, London) without being thankful that the science of the day is in the end likely to materially develop the artistic sense of the peoples. *The Studio* is a magazine for the people just as much as a class journal for the artists.

Brush and Pencil (McClurg Building, Chicago) is less popular and not quite so able a journal as *The Studio*, but it is certainly a creditable publication. Nor does it take notice of Canadian art and artists as does *The Studio*.

The *Keramic Studio*, which has just successfully completed its first year, is devoted to porcelains and potteries and the lovers thereof. That such a paper can be published in a small city like Syracuse (N.Y.) and still find readers everywhere, even at a higher price than *The Studio* or *Brush and Pencil*, is a proof of the growing interest in that which is termed "artistic."

*

The person interested in the antiquarian side of books will find a great

deal to interest him in the spring *Book-Lover* (1203 Market Street, San Francisco).

Emile Zola's "Fruitfulness" has been translated by Vizetelly (Toronto: Langton & Hall). That it did not find a Canadian publishing house of long standing to take the Canadian rights, shows that it is not a book which can be generally recommended to the public. Nevertheless it is interesting to those whose social-economic studies have prepared them for a picture of the loose family ties which are characteristic of many of the ambitious French families. It is really a plea for maternity.

The Ontario Historical Society has published its second volume of "Papers and Records." This contains "The United Empire Loyalist Settlement at Long Point, Lake Erie," by L. H. Tasker, M.A. It is an interesting piece of work, but somewhat lacking in accuracy.

Mr. G. U. Hay, of St. John, N.B., has reached No. 10 in his series of ten-cent historical pamphlets. This issue contains: "History of Fruit Culture in Canada" by George Johnson; "Before the Loyalists," by James Hannay; "Father Le Clerq's Voyage in 1677 from Nepisiguit to Miramichi," by Dr. W. F. Ganong, and "Notes on Madawaska," by Rev. W. O. Raymond. The series contains many valuable articles, throwing strong sidelights on Canadian history.

Recent pamphlets include: "Check List of the Birds of Ontario," by C. W. Nash, Department of Education, Toronto; "The Colonial Expansion of France," by Professor Jean C. Bracq, Judd and Detweiler, Washington; "An Address" on the industrial revolution of northern Ontario, by Francis H. Clergue, Board of Trade, Toronto; "The Short Line Railway from Toronto to Georgian Bay," Board of Trade, Toronto; "On the Need of an Art Museum in Toronto," Ontario Society of Artists; "Total Eclipse of the Sun," from the transactions of the Astronomical and Physical Society, Toronto; "Secondary Education in Ontario," by W. J. Robertson, B.A., LL.B., of St. Catharines, author's edition; "Ad Multos Aunos," a tribute to Sir Charles Tupper, by Henry J. Morgan, William Briggs, Toronto; "The Spirit of the North and Other Poems," by A. Evelyn Gunne, Imrie, Graham & Co., Toronto; "Canadian Forestry Association, First Annual Meeting," Government Printing Bureau, Ottawa; "Manual Training," by W. S. Ellis, Kingston, author's edition.

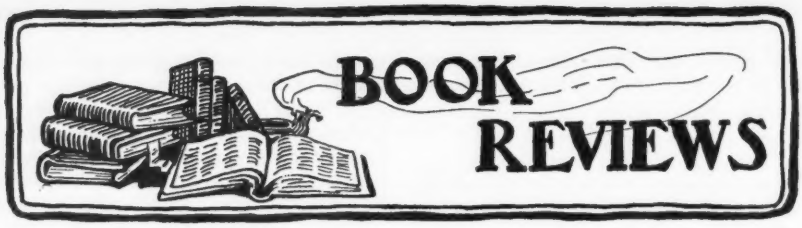
"North America Notes and Queries." Vol. I., No. 1, is to hand. It is to be published monthly by Raoul Renault, Quebec, and is to be edited by E. T. D. Chambers, a well-known journalist and litterateur. The first number is very creditable.

Professor Adam Shortt continues his valuable contributions on "Canadian Currency, Banking and Exchange" in the Journal of the Canadian Bankers' Association (Toronto).

Mr. W. A. Fraser has just returned from England, where he has been placing his new animal-story book. It will be issued by Scribners in New York, and C. Arthur Pearson, in London. While in England, Mr. Fraser spent a few days with Mr. Robert Barr at Waldingham, in Surrey, this being the first meeting of these two famous Canadian story writers.

"A Gentleman in Khaki," by John Oakley, is published in paper cover by the W. J. Gage Co., Toronto. This story aims to give some idea of the experiences of the British soldiers in South Africa.

XUM



CURRENT FICTION.

ONCE let the reader or the theatre-goer yield his senses to the charm of melodrama and he will read or sit on to the end. One lays down Mr. Goss's new novel* with the feeling that it is melodrama—not the cheap sort, to split the ears of the groundlings, but at best a series of strong situations in rather lurid colours. David is a young Quaker in the Ohio valley of half a century ago, who follows a travelling quack out into the world through love of the quack's beautiful gipsy wife. He falls very low indeed. By means of fraud and crime he obtains possession of the girl. Their life is not happy, and they separate. The story of David's attempt to expiate his sin, the vain effort to obtain forgiveness of the wretched man he has wronged, and his final re-union with the gipsy is the story of his "redemption." The sinner, like his illustrious namesake of old, is treated with considerable leniency as far as this world is concerned, and his sufferings and shame convey a wholesome moral. A good deal of dramatic power is displayed in more than one portion of the book, and its author has evidently read and reflected not a little. The dash and vigour of the narrative probably account for the popularity of this novel.



STEPHEN CRANE.

When the death of Stephen Crane was announced a few weeks ago, the references to his qualities as a novelist nearly all united in praising "The Red Badge of Courage" as the best product of his pen. A Canadian edition of this book,* hitherto little read in this country, is one of the timely publications of the month. It has been said in order to prove the highly imaginative powers of the author, that he wrote this novel without ever having witnessed a battle. Whether that be true or not, there can be no question that for strength, vividness, and a certain kind of bold confidence "The Red Badge of Courage" is a remarkable performance for so young and inexperienced a man. A lad on the verge of manhood joins the Army of the North in the American Civil War, full of expectancy, love of adventure, and, as he supposes, courage. The ordeal of battle grows nearer, and confidence begins to ooze slowly out of his half-developed frame. He finds other doubters in the ranks. The life of the camp generates weariness, disgust, then fear. The battle comes—and the hero runs away. But this retreat is not observed and he gets an opportunity to retrieve. The detailed description of the fighting strikes the reader as very real, and the emotions of the young soldier are related with a skill little short of marvellous.

The note of delicacy in Mr. James Lane Allen's writing is as conspicuous as the finish which generally characterizes his style. If his new book† is not so striking in either of these respects as its predecessors, it is not lacking in

*The Redemption of David Corson. By Chas. Frederic Goss. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

*The Red Badge of Courage. By Stephen Crane. Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.

†The Reign of Law. By James Lane Allen. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

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qualities of its own. In delineation of character, in analysis of motive, and in depicting the gradual development of the human mind, rather than in the constructing of a telling plot, are to be found this author's strong points. The basis of the present story may briefly be summarized: a youth trained in primitive beliefs and of poor parentage, finds himself outside the pale of orthodox creeds at the end of a course for the ministry. This is not a startlingly new experience either in fact or fiction, nor is the enlightened egotism of David a very impressive spectacle. But it is thrown into contrast by the character of the girl to whom he is engaged, a mystic in religion, as so many good women are. Two persons so diverse in all that goes to form the elements of happiness in these prosaic days should not marry, one would think. But these two do, and the author leaves us to imagine the result.

It is greatly to be feared that the young hopeful whom Miss Corelli has made to point a moral and adorn a tale* is, in his infancy, an idealized picture drawn by a lady who is not herself married. "Boy" in after years is exactly what we might expect from a home where the father is drunk when he is not profane, and profane when he is not drunk, and where the mother is so lazy that she only washes as a part of the debt due to society. The inherited qualities that ruined "Boy" were, in all probability, latent in him when his would-be god-mother thought him such a cooing cherub. Doubtless his education developed them more quickly. If he had remained under the good influences of sweet Miss Letty he might have escaped the tendency to lying and drink. But it is more than doubtful. It requires the most profound observation to determine in how many cases the forces of environment overcome the forces of heredity. The problem cannot be dismissed in a paragraph, and there is much in "Boy's" career, from the nursery days when he thinks his blackguard father a sick, instead of a drunken man, to his ineffectual efforts to carve out a nobler life for himself, to make parents pause.

*Boy. By Marie Corelli. Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.

THE NATAL CAMPAIGN.*

To read Mr. Winston Churchill's narrative of experiences as a war correspondent in Natal and the Transvaal is to live over again those painful weeks when the whole British Empire thrilled in sympathy with each misfortune, blunder and tragedy that marked the path to Ladysmith. The correspondent's capture by the Boers furnished him with excellent "copy." We get inside the Boer lines. We catch the "tone" of their military spirit, their earnestness, their courage and their boastfulness. Well might this war be called the Great Misunderstanding. If the fighting lingers on at this late date it is because a section of the Boers are living up to the views which some of them poured so insultingly into the ears of the British captive as he was on his way to be herded with other brave Englishmen at Pretoria. The correspondent's escape is well told, and must make the writers of fiction despair. Mr. Churchill's sense of humour saves his narrative from an anti-climax when Durban is reached after his exciting journey. He records with equal philosophy the huzzas of the crowd, the warm congratulations of personal admirers, and the cabled message from the candid friend in London, begging him not to make "a further ass of himself." Then we are plunged into the thick of the fighting on the banks of the Tugela. The story is that of an eye-witness. In the hurry and the limited vision of a single individual—for generalize as skilfully as they may, writers for the press cannot in one glance take in the whole theatre of war—doubtless some injus-

*From London to Ladysmith via Pretoria. By Winston Spencer Churchill. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

tice is done to some one. It may be said, however, that Mr. Churchill generally defends the tactics of the generals. His book is early in the field, and deserves to be widely read.

ANGLO-AMERICAN DIPLOMACY, 1783-1872.

On this theme much has been written. But we do not remember to have seen before a complete record of the political relations of Great Britain and the United States cast in the narrative form. Mr. Edward Smith has composed, therefore, a volume* of considerable interest to Canadians. He understands the Canadian point of view well. He appears, luckily, to have no "object" in view: that is to say, no design of proving that on the altar of good relations with the States the sacrifice of most of our interests on this continent is desirable. We hear no word of a union of hearts, no whisper of an Anglo-Saxon alliance. There is, in short, within these pages no attempt either to excite the jingo spirit against the republic, or to prove that the "larger interests of civilization" demand the growth of a giant democracy in North America and an English peace with that democracy on any terms at any cost. As proof that Mr. Edward Smith is no jingo, there is the fact that he passes quietly over the exploits of Canada in the war of 1812-14, and that he comments with extraordinary moderation, considering the facts, upon the territorial, fisheries and other acquisitions of the States at our expense secured by means of a blustering diplomacy. That he is under no illusions as to the character of United States policy, on the other hand, and the absence of the magnanimity, mutual forbearance and generous recognition of the give-and-take basis which can alone ensure a lasting friendship between the two countries, is evident from the narrative. A Canadian would be disposed to add a good deal to the record. But Mr. Edward Smith seems not to be imbued with any strong colonial feeling. He presents himself in these pages, one infers, merely as a scholarly English gentleman who sees no harm in recording, for the benefit of those who want to know the truth, the whole story of United States diplomacy from the time when the imbecility of Oswald abandoned English rights in 1783 down to 1872, when the Alabama claims were over-paid to the extent of several millions. It is all very instructive, and really, after all, very amusing.

* England and America after Independence: a short examination of their international intercourse, 1783-1872. By Edward Smith. Westminster: Archibald Constable & Co.

GRANT ALLEN.

If Grant Allen was not a Canadian, in the strict sense, the associations of his family with this country, and his own birth here, entitle us to a special interest in his personality. His memoirs have just appeared.* His was a gifted and complex mind, and his character, as mirrored by Mr. Clodd, a very candid and lovable one. A boyhood spent among the Thousand Islands, where he fished, watched the habits of birds and animals, studied the flowers, and in the winter skated over the ice, seems to be his only personal link with Canada. He had, one may say, no nationality and no sympathy with Canadian aims, which, contracted as they may appear to a citizen of the world and a man of science, are real factors to six millions of people with definite material and political objects. He was asked two years ago to write a paper on the military defence of the Dominion. He recoiled with distaste from such a proposal. "I contribute gladly," he retorted, "to works designed to strengthen the bonds of amity between nations and to render war impossible, but I cannot contribute to one which aims at making peaceable Canadian citizens throw themselves into the devouring whirlpool of militarism." To be plain, Mr. Allen was a dreamer. His studies and writings as an investigator of science embodied his most practical efforts. The biography is daintily done, and the bibliography at the end is valuable.

* Grant Allen: a memoir. By Edward Clodd; with a bibliography. London: Grant Richards.

IDLE MOMENTS

A HURRIED POSTSCRIPT.

PONCE DE LEON HOTEL,
ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA,
March 1, 1900.

DR. WILLIAM ———,
MELBOURNE,
AUSTRALIA.

MY dear brother,—I am going to take your advice—go out there, settle down and practice with you. Since I last wrote you I have had a year with the army at Manilla. I'm sick of it.

The fact is, Bill, I'm in love, or was, I don't know which; it's all the same.

While staying here a year ago, I met Mildred Jack. When I first saw her I thought of Thackeray's words: "Her golden hair was shining in the gold of the sun." Brown, too, saw her that day. He sees her every day. I sometimes think it's a shame a man can't see something beautiful that some one else doesn't see.

I stayed here a month after meeting her. Every day, when she wasn't driving or golfing with Brown, she was with me. Once I managed to keep Brown away all day. It would have been a great day, that, had I not been obliged to keep away myself, looking after Brown.

She wasn't like girls; different, altogether different; not the same. I was going to tell you the colour of her eyes, but I don't exactly know. I never could get a right look into them, they danced so much. But her lips were just like sister's used to be when we picked wild strawberries on the mountain side at Troy.

My time came at last. Mildred and I had had a turn in the dance hall, and, by evading her aunt, had strolled out and found an obscure seat near the fountain. Lights played upon the water, and through the palms and shrubbery filtered soft cadences of a Strauss waltz.

Could anything have been more fitting? I spoke my heart like a man.

She listened to every word.

When I had finished, she raised her eyes to mine, and with them her lips. I stooped nearer. The music seemed faint and far away. The lights on the water played in fantastic, rhythmic movement. I stooped nearer. Just as our lips—ah, I could swear it!—touched, the aunt coolly fanned herself into our presence.

Next morning, as I sat smoking, two letters were handed to me. One read:

"Your proposal of last night to become one of our family cannot possibly be entertained. I feel it my duty to request you to refrain from calling in future.

Sincerely,
MILDRED JACK."

Brown was in it; I knew he was; I felt it.

I had a chance to go to Manilla at once. I threw off my smoking jacket, donned a travelling suit, put my things in storage, and started.

This morning I arrived back here again, worn out. I opened my trunk, put on the same smoking-jacket, and sat down for a good smoke. Putting some tobacco into my pocket, I was astonished at finding there a letter. After a time I recollected that the morning I left for Manilla I received two letters. The disappointment of the first caused me to forget the second. But it was still there, so I opened it, and read:

"I had to tell Aunt Millie what you said last night. She said she would write you, telling you it was impossible. If she should do so, think lightly of it. She is my chaperon here, not my dictator. When I offered you my lips last night, I offered you my heart also. Come to-night.

MILDRED."

I went down to the promenade to see if I could see any one I knew, or

anything. The first person I met was Brown. He said he was here spending his honeymoon.

"Yes, I was married a week ago, were we not, Mildred," he said, as she came around the corner of the walk.

She and I bowed rather distantly.

Nothing further of any moment was said. Slowly they moved one way; I another. Her letter was crumpled in my hand.

Look for me on the first steamer, Bill.

As of old,

FRANK.

P.S.—I guess I'll not go as soon as I thought I should. Going to mail this letter, I met Mildred. We took a turn of the walks together. It seems I was somewhat mixed in my conclusions this morning. Brown married Mildred's sister. Mildred is leaning over my shoulder as I write. She says I shouldn't send this letter, but adds that if I do go to see you, it will be with her to spend our honeymoon.

F.

Newton MacTavish.

AGONIES OF A BOHEMIAN.

A YOUNG lady once rebuked a friend of mine for telling her I was an Englishman, because she had heard me say I was "Bohemian."

The kingdom of "Bohemia" is ruled by the monarch "Art," in all its branches, and some people are under the fond delusion that unkempt hair and long nails, to say nothing of very objectionable manners, constitute "Bohemianism." But such, however, is not the case.

I have wandered about the kingdom for some time, and spent many an entertaining hour amongst its subjects.

One of my first experiences was a reception, at a lady's studio in London. Everything was most "artistic," and the hostess was assisted by several friends; they were robed, I cannot say dressed, in draperies of gorgeous colours fastened in some mysterious way, and caught up on various parts of their persons with large copper clasps. I was still a Philistine, so felt strongly inclined to laugh.

Instead of shaking hands, my hostesses crossed their hands over their bosoms, and, with downcast eyes, sank gracefully to the ground. I tried to do the same, but failed.

The principal hostess took me under her immediate protection, and we both sank on a divan, consisting of two cushions, with very few feathers in them, placed carefully in the centre of the room. I went down suddenly with an awful crash and felt that all eyes were on me. But my hostess was more graceful. I chose a part of the cushion with a feather in it and sat carefully on that feather, fearing it might move, and so leave nothing but a thin satin cover to protect me from the hard floor.

Conversation began: "So you are studying under Armorincci. How interesting, personally I don't care for his style of teaching at all, but some people consider him very clever." I looked very much impressed with the originality of that statement. After this we started off with a rush for "Art." I hate talking "Art," for I know so little about it, and I am always putting my foot in it, and my hair stood on end when my fair friend asked me what I thought of "Beloochinnizque's" work. I had never heard of the gentleman, and confessed my ignorance blushingly. The look I received was not a nice one. After that followed a series of names, such as "Campoochinni," "Maccorinni," and a host of others of the same sort, all I believe, invented on the spot in order to impress me. The situation was getting desperate, and so finally, when a new name was mentioned ending in three z's and an x, and which almost dislocated her mouth to pronounce, I made a bold rush, and although I had never heard of the artist, looked my friend full in the eye, and said I admired his work very much. Then the fun began. "Do you like his work, how strange! Don't you think his colouring very peculiar?" I answered sweet-

ly that though the colouring might be peculiar, I thought his drawing very "strong." I knew that "strong" was a good word to use. The lady looked puzzled and said "Yes, but, dear me, that peculiar coloured hair, surely you don't like that?" I plunged boldly and said "No, but the eyes I thought were very full of life." I had just been reading George Moore on "Modern Painting," and so quoted him, suggesting that the eyes were like "Pools of Light." I wanted also to discuss the colouring of the horns, but was uncertain what the man painted, not knowing whether it was an animal or angel. Anyhow, after a tremendous lot of fencing, we decided that the colour was peculiar, drawings strong and the eyes full of life. Luckily, just then coffee was served, in small filigree cased cups, and I wiped my perspiring brow and longed for the time to leave.

Since then I have learned many tricks of the trade, and can hold my own more or less with most people.

I was often amused during the time that I studied to hear the various remarks made by people who visited our studio, as they evidently looked upon us as strange beings from another world. The great remark on entering was, "What an odour of paint," as if that was a matter for surprise. And they generally followed up the statement by saying, "Of course, you know I know nothing of painting, but I think I know what I like." After that brilliant confession, a most complicated criticism followed, in which set expressions and quotations from books were used. The whole conversation showed that they indeed did not know anything about painting, and I very much doubt the fact of their even knowing what they liked.

Once a friend much interested in my welfare, came to me and told me that a "lady" was most anxious to have lessons from in painting. I at once donned all my best clothes, combed my hair well in my eyes and tried to looked artistic. On the way I decided to ask very high terms, hearing that people think all the more of one if high terms are asked. When the house was reached, I judged of the future pupil's income, and promptly halved my terms. When I saw the interior, I quartered them and decided to demand fees in advance.

The lady appeared and invited me upstairs to her studio, and we went into a room about the size of a very large match-box, the walls thickly hung with startling works of art. There was no featherless divan this time for me to sink into, so I remained standing. I was called on to criticize, which I did. Bearing in mind that my friend had told me that this was to be a future pupil, I was gentle, though firm, softening all my remarks with a judicious application of praise, and played the part of painting-master beautifully, and felt uncommonly like the wolf in the fable who swallowed a lump of chalk to make his voice sound soft.

Landscapes, flowers, sea-scapes, oils, water-colours, pastelles, charcoals, nothing seemed too hard or too ambitious for this artist. Finally, still weak from various shocks my mind had received, I turned around, on being requested to do so, and came face to face with a life-size study of a tom cat glaring at me out of a huge gilt frame. He looked ready to spring at me on the slightest provocation, and I started back in horror. The animal's whiskers had been drawn with pure white chalk, and looked very fierce and military. After a faint gasp I expressed a feeble opinion, and that ended the lesson. What nearly ended me, was the information that my fair hostess did not want lessons in painting, or anything else, and that the visit had been requested in order that "we might talk" about her pictures. I could have talked a great deal about those pictures if I had only known at first.

The subjects of the King of Bohemia are numerous, and though his rule is very hard, at times, the life has many compensations.

A favourite remark made by people

who know nothing about the matter is, "If I could paint I would go on all day without stopping." The idea among so many, even in these days of higher education, is that all one has to do is to sit in a chair and put paint on canvas.

Occasionally friends, thinking to be very kind and anxious to advance one's interest, say, "This is so and so: he is quite an artist and does such dear little pencil sketches." Naturally on those occasions one feels an absolute fool. Who wouldn't under the circumstances? Then, again, the interest that other people try to pretend to feel in the work, often brings about very idiotic remarks. An intelligent looking being said, he supposed there was quite an art in mixing the colours alone.

Anxious friends will turn to you before people and say: "How are you getting on with your work? Are you painting a cat or a haystack?" very much in the same tone as you would speak to a little school child. Others again wonder why artists have their things framed. In vain are Academy rules quoted and reasons given. It is all useless: they know more than anybody else, and thus illustrate the well-known quotation that "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Then again there are others who look at all one's cherished work, coldly, keeping up a severe silence, which is almost more eloquent than abuse. "This is a little thing I did one day: I like it myself, but perhaps you may not:" and the wretched victim, simpering and blushing, stands by the side of the "little thing" placed on the easel in a good light. The silence that follows is somewhat trying, and the critic, on leaving, invariably thanks you for the privilege of the visit.

How embarrassing it is to have a doting parent take down off the wall an oil painting done by the daughter of the house, and come out with the following remark: "Now, you are an artist, tell me what you think of this. My daughter did it, you know, and she never has had a lesson in her life, and you know, she is only thirty-nine: she did it all by herself." I generally feel inclined to recommend a speedy course of instruction.

Yes, the agonies endured by an artist are many. So, no doubt, are the sufferings of the friends to whom the productions are shown.

But, before finishing, let me add one warning to those who are meditating a visit to a studio. Don't say, "I don't know anything about painting, but I know what I like." The fact will be apparent enough. Smile sweetly and say, "How strong your work is, what lovely colour." This remark is very safe, and always gives pleasure. This was not known by a frame-maker who was shown one of my first productions. I was in the room at the time, and he did not realize the fact that he was in the august presence of "the artist who had painted the picture." One of my admiring relatives, thirsting for praise of my work, and recognition of my genius, asked the man what he thought. The brute looked at it, and said, "It is a very nice frame, but I cannot say much for the picture."

Since then I have taken the precaution of first telling the people who the picture is painted by before throwing myself on their mercy. I find this little plan, with very few exceptions, succeeds admirably; and I can recommend it to all who, like myself, are of a retiring and sensitive nature.

Phil. Wales.

FISH STORIES.

FIRST OCTOPUS: "Here comes Old Shark; let's swim away."

SECOND OCTOPUS: "Why?"

FIRST OCTOPUS: "Oh, he's always telling about the time he caught a man ten feet long and let him get away."

—Baltimore American.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

CANADA'S FOOD-PRODUCTS AT PARIS.